The Sketch

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

SHAVIAN MRS. DUBEDAT BY VIVIEN LEIGH.

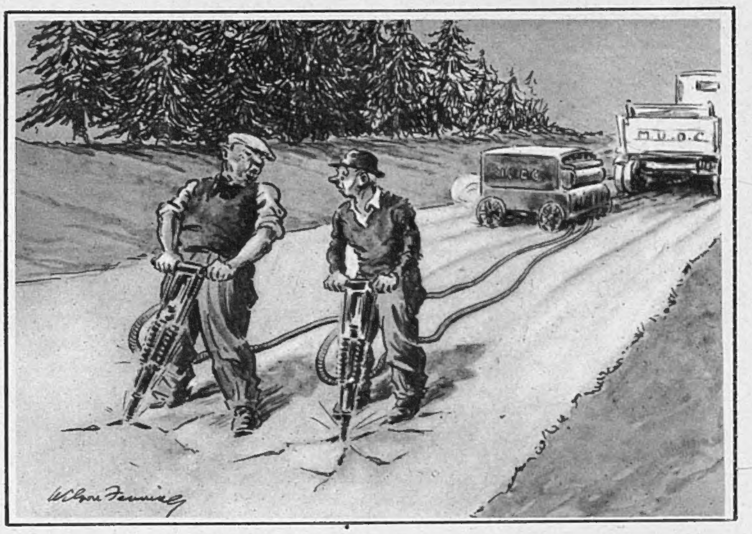
VIVIEN LEIGH, *actress and screen-star, has not been seen on the stage in England since her big picture hits in "Gone with the Wind," "Waterloo Bridge" and "Lady Hamilton," so her appearance as Mrs. Dubedat in a revival of George Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" is an important theatrical event. She looks radiantly lovely in her costumes of the 1903 era of veils, jabots and much-trimmed hats. The play, directed by Irene Hentschel, is due at Blackpool this week.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

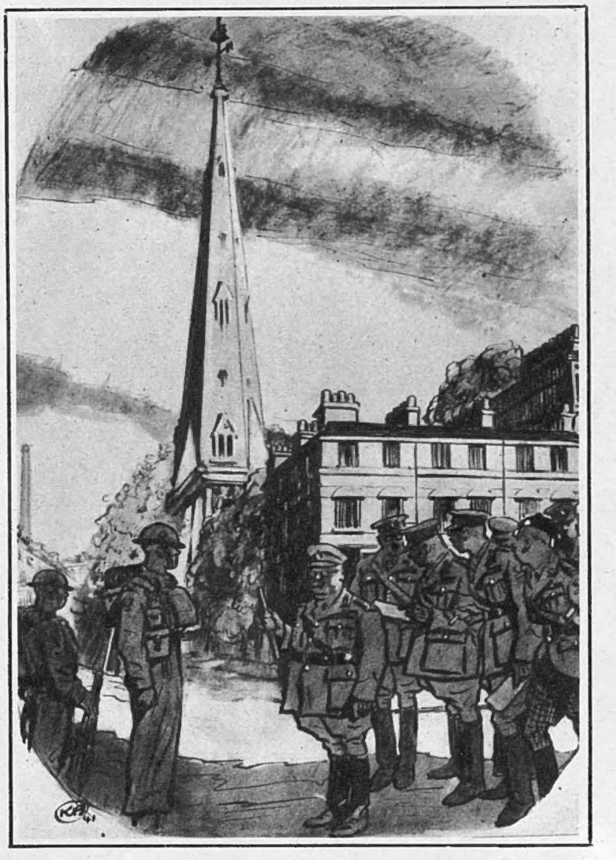
A Joke 's a Joke. What is the matter with this island, anyhow? I mean, quite apart from little upsets like battle, murder and sudden death? Has it made up its mind in what part of the globe (if any) it wants to be? I have been asking myself lately whether I am living at the North Pole—which, indeed, strikes me as one of the most desirable residential districts at present—or in the tropical jungle. I see strange fireworks in the sky, and I naturally attribute them to enemy action; but I am told that it is the Aurora Borealis putting on its celebrated act. I am further told that this is due to a sun-spot, which is causing a magnetic storm, and that the appalling noises emitted by my radio are due to "short-wave corpuscles." I don't believe this, because I have always understood that corpuscles are things in the blood, not in the ether; but anyhow, whatever a dying duck may do in a thunder-storm, it is nothing to what my wireless does in a magnetic storm. Ah, well, it kills the crooners, that 's one comfort! Hardly has the Aurora passed over when I find myself surrounded by mosquitoes. I have never seen or heard so many mosquitoes in these latitudes. Are these "corpuscles" too, and are they due to sun-spots? They make me feel as if I were hacking my way through the primæval forest, with Tarzan hopping about among the branches, and Miss Dorothy Lamour at the end of the trail. What 's come over the country? Going to the dogs again, I suppose!

Samarkand and All That. It only shows how little one knows about one's own country. As for other parts of the world, I am constantly reminded nowadays of my shameful ignorance of them. Iran suddenly leaps into the news. Now, what do I know about Iran? I don't even know why or when it decided to give up being Persia. Everybody was perfectly satisfied with Persia, so far as I know, and it seems a pity that it should go and get itself confused with Iraq. But what do I know even about Persia? I used to learn things about its war with Athens, but all I know of the more recent history of Persia is that it is a country which produces carpets and cats, and that it is a place where people sit all day beneath the bough with a loaf of bread, a flask of wine and thou—in short, a good spot for a week-end—and that somewhere or other it has a golden road which leads to Samarkand. Oh, yes, and sherbet—lots of sherbet. And, of course, oil—but don't let us dwell on that; it 's too prosaic. If you had asked me six months ago who was Shah of Persia, I was as likely as not to say Xerxes, or Zoroaster, or Omar Khayyám. Well, you live and learn, and perhaps in that respect war is not an unmixed evil.



"Give me Chopin *any day!"*

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.



"We must immobilise the weather-vane, Mr. Jones—it might give valuable information to the enemy as to the direction of the wind!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Vox Populi. I thought I knew a little more about America than I do about Persia, but I am beginning to wonder. It seems to me that not even Americans know much about that country. The indefatigable Dr. Gallup has been at it again with a poll about intervention or non-intervention. At the same time, about half-a-dozen other polls were being conducted in the United States on what purported to be the same question. Actually, they were not the same question; they were all framed differently, and consequently the answers and the results varied erratically. This is the fallacy of all these polls and censuses; answers and statistics are sometimes unreliable, because the questions are generally leading questions. I regard with distrust and alarm the growth of this census craze, and I hope it never spreads to England. We have had one example in the Peace Ballot, and that ought to be enough for us. The thing is a scourge across the Atlantic, and if America does not look out, she will soon be ruled by polls and censuses and straw ballots and letters to Congressmen. The popular columnist, Mark Sullivan, has put the matter sensibly: "Government of a whole nation by a people speaking directly . . . was never meant to be the American form of government. What the American government was designed to be is representative government—government by representatives elected by the people." It is sincerely to be hoped that England will never forget that principle.

When I First Put This Uniform On. How dressy we are all going to be, in spite of coupons! Already we humble Wardens have a very natty, form-fitting overall with nice, shiny buttons. Now, it seems, we are to have great-coats and battle-dress, and it looks as if the Home Guard were going to pale into insignificance beside our glory;

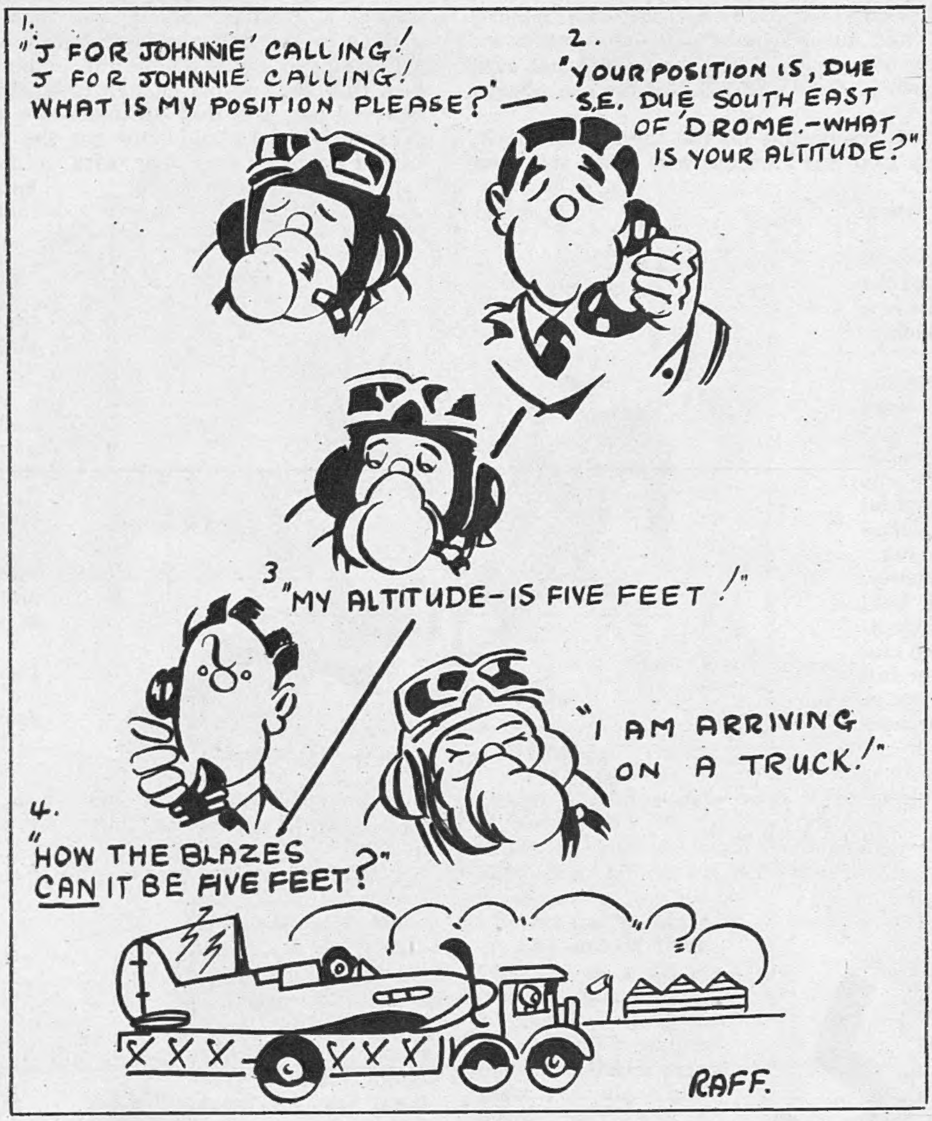
Which I never reckoned upon
When I first put this uniform on!

We have had all sorts of stars and stripes sprinkled on our tin-hats (and have generally had to change them as soon as we have painted them on), but now we are to have *pukka* badges of rank. Well, I dare say it is all very good for morale, and it *may* be worth the money—since a few millions more or less don't seem to matter in war—but I have not yet met a Warden who did not think it "rather rot," and sometimes more emphatic rot than that. And now I see that the A.F.S. are to have a whole new set of badges of rank. I have just been studying some pictures of them. Most picturesque; and if the gallant A.F.S. want them, I have not a word to say against them. But all these ranks are becoming very confusing. In future, when you meet a man in uniform, you will have to look very carefully to see whether he is an Admiral, a Colonel, a Wing Commander, a Fire Force Commander, a Head Warden, a Salvage Squadron-Leader, or a Decontamination Commodore.

Duty and Beauty. And even then you 'll guess wrong, because the man in uniform is probably a woman. It does seem to me a little hard that when all these frilligigs are being lavished on the men, we should be told that there is to be no "glamour appeal" for the girls. Two hundred thousand A.T.S. are wanted by Christmas, but the War Office

announces, in its austere way, that it will not sink to any such "cheap appeals" as "prettier uniforms, smarter caps, social gatherings and less drilling." Duty, not beauty, girls! Still, they *have* allowed you lipstick, haven't they? You can't expect everything. You can't even expect khaki, I fear, to be anything but a rather unbecoming colour, not very good for the complexion or the figure. We can't encourage you to regard the Army as a fashion parade, but I do think you have some just cause of complaint if all the glamour is being handed out to the boys. This seems to be a case for another meeting in Trafalgar Square. Now, then, Lady Astor!

The Devil Take the Hindmost. These and similar hardships sometimes make my heart bleed for the opposite sex. Far from being a feminist, I should describe myself as a masculinist, by which I mean one who thinks that Man's Rights need defending against the stronger sex, just as Women's Rights used to need defending. The day may come when men will have to chain themselves to railings and pour treacle in letter-boxes and kick Cabinet Ministers in the shins in order to call attention to their wrongs. But meanwhile I do sympathise with the difficulties of the gallant troops on the Home Front. I'm not sure that all my sex—certainly not the celibate portion of it—realise what the time factor means to a housewife nowadays. Gone are the days when you could do all the ordering in half an hour on the telephone. Shopping is a stern, bitter and protracted battle, and half the day is gone before the household is provided for. True, there are the sweets of victory, the prizes of perseverance; but there is also the bitterness of inching up for half an hour in the queue, only to find that the last morsel of offal is gone. Every woman for herself, and the devil indeed takes the hindmost! Many a man, complacently accepting a rasher or a speck of cheese, as if they grew on hedges, little realises what they have cost in patience and determination. These are the true breadwinners—aye, and sausagewinners and kipperwinners too! All honour and more power to them!



Altitude. (DRAWN BY RAFF.)

The Class War. We become more and more democratic, as Mr. Priestley and Mr. Wells and so many of our American friends are always urging us to do. The invidious distinction between First and Third is to disappear in the environs of London, and thus another chapter in the Class War is happily closed. The social system will not crumble, I fancy; but there still remains one of the mysteries of mathematics—namely, what became of the Second Class? For many years past our railways have been run on the assumption that there is an upper and a lower class, but no middle class. This is strange, because one had always understood that the middle classes were the backbone of the nation. As a good bourgeois, I have always felt that First Class was a little extravagant, but that I could, with a clear conscience, run to, say, 25 per cent. extra for a little additional elbow-room in a Second Class. I am, I trust, neither snob nor sybarite, but four on a seat, especially if one or two happen to be outsize, is undoubtedly a little style-cramping. However, railway companies are very conservative institutions, and I don't imagine they will ever now admit that there is any integer between 1 and 3. I suppose they know best—but I wish I were more certain!

Yo Ho Ho! A man was convicted the other day of stealing a barrel of rum, the *estimated* value of which was £600. I have not the faintest idea how many tots there are to a barrel, but I should think this works out at a price per tot which even Captain Billy Bones or Black Dog would have jibbed at. A thirst is a very expensive accomplishment nowadays. People, I am told, are paying two guineas for a bottle of French Vermouth, and even more than that for syrupy liqueurs which are no better than wet confectionery. Sherry, some Jeremiahs tell me, will not exist after Christmas. You cannot alter the laws of supply and demand, and doubtless shortage will always create famine prices; but what puzzles me is—who in this nation, which is spending fifteen millions a day and soaking the rich for nineteen shillings in the pound, is prepared to pay these prices even for the most powerful thirst? The other day, wanting a little gift for a friend, I inquired the price of a not very remarkable melon. I was told, with considerable loftiness, that it was two guineas. There were some peaches next to it at 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. each. I crept out of the shop like a man in a Bateman drawing, all serrated at the edges. *Somebody* among us has some money for melons and peaches. *Are they British*, I wonder?

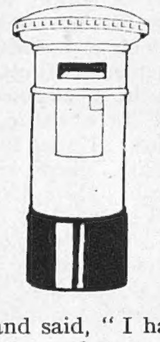
Paperchase.

While plutocrats are getting grapes (no, these are not sour!) at about a shilling per grape, and while the wives of downtrodden toilers on Government contracts are arraying themselves in purple and fine linen, not to mention furs, newspapers cannot get the wherewithal to print their news and views. Do you realise, gentle reader, the unending battle, the harassing delays, the multitudinous forms and licences and quota, the vast expenditure of ink and patience, which have been necessary to obtain this page of paper which you now peruse? I can only hope that you think the effort was worth it! The slimming process which has gone on in our daily papers is one which many a woman must envy. It gets very near to emaciation, and yet sometimes at breakfast I wonder whether I entirely regret it. Condensation has its advantages, and there is something to be said for having gobbled all the news in one mouthful, instead of being haunted all day by the thought of an article here or a leader there or a debate somewhere else which you are determined to read *some* time during the day—and which you never do read. If newspapers and periodicals are severely rationed, there is little evidence of shortage or economy elsewhere. I am constantly astonished at the size and number of booksellers' catalogues which I receive. Heaven knows we must keep the book trade going—and it has a hard row to hoe—but I wonder whether these thousands of pages of close print, are really necessary?

Grey Matter. So we are to be blessed with a Brains Trust, gathered together by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Food, and the Minister of Transport, to advise the Government how to spend two hundred million pounds in order to keep prices down during the next year of war. A wholly laudable object, and I hope the Brains will cerebrate successfully; but I wish a Trust could be formed to advise the Government how *not* to spend two hundred millions, and I know of one person at least who lays no claim to bulging brains, especially in economic matters, but who would volunteer to run such a Trust to considerable public advantage. Brains Trust? Can we reverse it—Trust Brains? Not, I regret to say, invariably. Ask President Roosevelt!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—If you were suddenly transported from your far-flung battle-line into our Street, and I met you and said, " Bill and the Linnet are both coming home on leave and we are having three young men to stay as well," you would probably reply, " Oh, are you ? How nice ! " But then, you haven't been trying to do the housekeeping in dear old England lately.

When I met Lady B. on the Cliff Path and made the same remark to her, she said, " Henrietta ! " and turned quite pale, and sat down suddenly on a seat. Then she opened her eyes and said, " I have a Tongue." Dear Lady B. ! You can always rely on her.

It was the Linnet who was responsible for the three young men, of course. She rang me up from the Hospital and broke the news as gently as she could.

" But, darling," I said, " where will they sleep ? "

" Two in the drawing-room and one in Papa's room," said the Linnet, so promptly that I knew she had thought it all out beforehand.

" Papa won't like dressing with three young men," I said.

" It 's only for a week," said the Linnet, and I knew from the sound of her voice that she was opening large and reproachful blue eyes. " I thought you liked us to bring our friends home."

" We do, we do," I said hastily, for indeed Charles and I hold very strong views on this subject.

Charles sighed when I told him the news and said Mr. Churchill had warned us of an Invasion in the autumn. It took me four days before I had the courage to break the news to Matins and Evensong.

" . . . said 'Henrietta!' and turned quite pale."

On hearing it Matins went home at once with a bilious attack, but Evensong rose to the occasion like a bird. She said she would manage the cooking if I would do the housework, but she didn't want any young gentlemen poking round her kitchen trying to help.

I was so delighted at having got rid of a sullen Matins and retained a co-operative Evensong that everything else, including the feeding of five hungry extra mouths, seemed child's play. I went to bed that night greatly comforted, and had a long, happy dream about a ham.

The House-party arrived by various trains and buses, and the hall was stacked with tennis racquets, golf clubs, and fishing-rods, which fell to the ground with loud crashes whenever anybody went to the telephone, which was every few minutes. The floor of Charles's room was so deep in impedimenta that it was impossible to open the door without a struggle, and unfamiliar safety razors, toothbrushes, and sponges broke out like a rash all over the bathroom. The wireless gave forth of its cheerful best, Evensong sang in the kitchen, the Linnet laughed, and Charles went down to the cellar for more sherry. Soon the linen cupboard was full of sodden bathing-dresses, and there were wet footmarks across the hall.

" Charles suddenly got the party spirit."

Charles began counting the hours until the guests' departure as soon as they arrived, and wandered about the house like a cat looking for somewhere to have its kittens. Every now and then he would say, " Has anybody seen my braces ? " or " Has anybody seen *The Times* ? " in a gentle, courteous way, and nobody but I suspected the extent of his sufferings.

Charles and I listened, with interest, to inside information about the Army, Air Force and Hospitals. A Public School Education, we gathered, was now a definite handicap in the Services, and only a moderate asset in a medical career. This war was being fought for Democracy, and if you said you had been educated at Tooting Grammar School they leaped at you with open arms.

Charles and I, from opposite ends of the table, smiled at each other rather wanly, remembering School Bills of the past.

One night we gave a dance. Lady B. said " Henrietta ! " again when I told her, but came forward with half a pound of pressed beef and a sponge-cake for trifle. Mrs. Savernack gave us a tin of peaches, and nearly all the guests brought Beer. We ended by having a groaning board, and plenty to spare. Faith arrived, looking lovely, and bearing tenderly a chocolate shape with imitation whipped cream on the top. She kept on telling all the young men that she was old enough to be their mother, but none of them believed her, and they all made love to her madly throughout the evening. Charles suddenly got the party spirit and he and the Linnet put it over big with a hot number in which they kept shaking their forefingers in the air.

Then leaves and holidays came to an end and the house was suddenly empty. " Now perhaps we shall get the place straight," said Evensong, rolling up her sleeves.

We tiptoed about with brooms and brushes, our footfalls echoing along empty corridors. " Nice young gentlemen, weren't they ? " said Evensong.

" Very nice."

" Miss Linnet was a great help, wasn't she ? I think I 'd better start with the stairs—they 're in a disgraceful state."

" Yes, that would be a good plan."

" Kind of quiet without them," said Evensong sadly.

" Yes," I said.

At noon Matins appeared, saying she was still far from well, and had fainted twice while dressing, but felt it her duty to lend a hand.

Charles came home that evening in the highest spirits and carrying six eggs in a bag, which he placed reverently in my hands.

" Oh, Charles ! " I said. " What a *pity* you didn't get these before ! We might have given them eggs for breakfast."

" Yes, wasn't it ? " said Charles innocently, too innocently, and I knew he must have had them in his car for days.

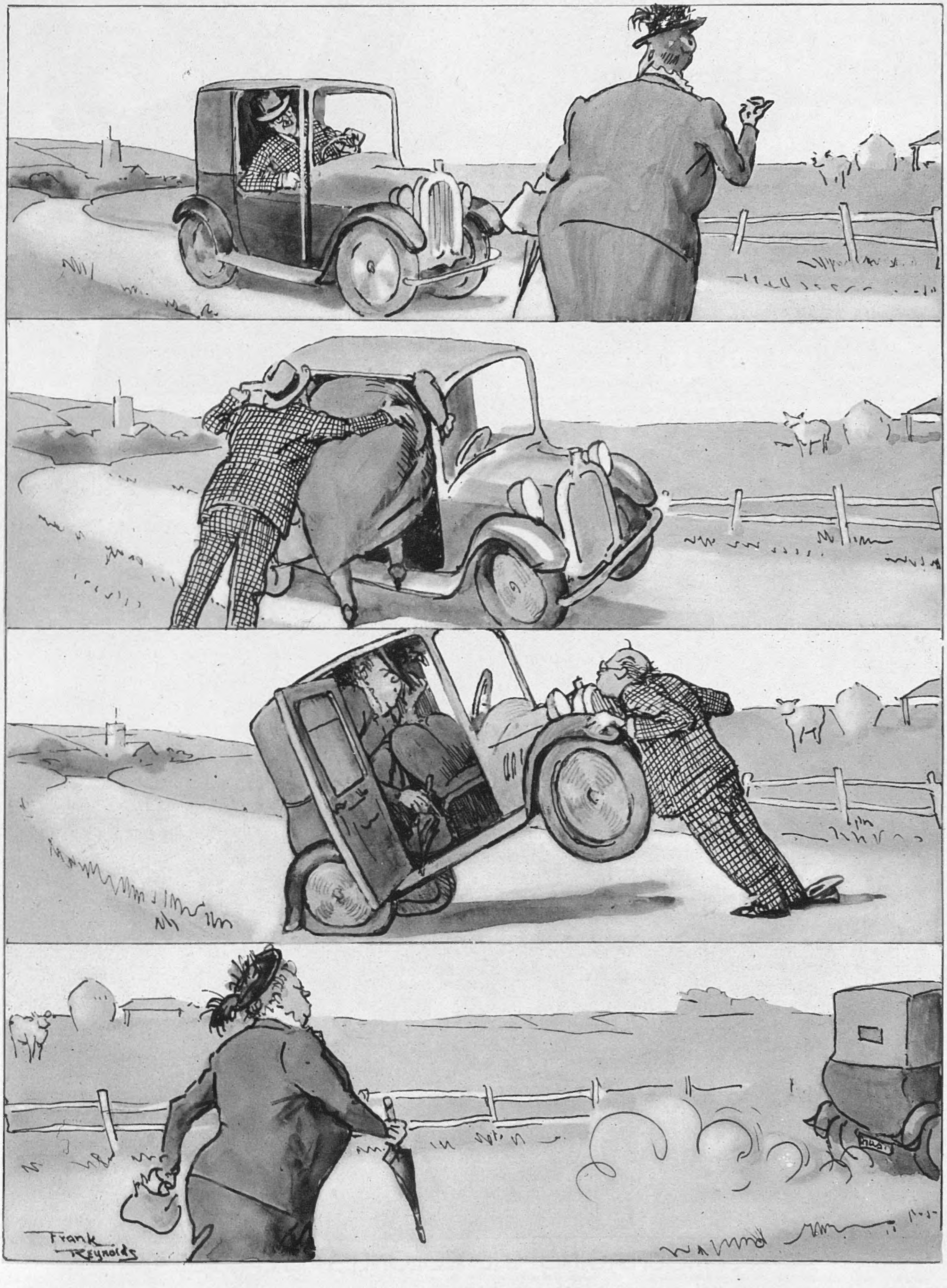
" Doesn't the house seem quiet, Charles ? "

" Yes, doesn't it ? " said Charles, with deep satisfaction. Then he sat down in his own armchair, put his feet on the mantelpiece, and opened a virgin *Times*.

"'Kind of quiet without them,' said Evensong sadly."

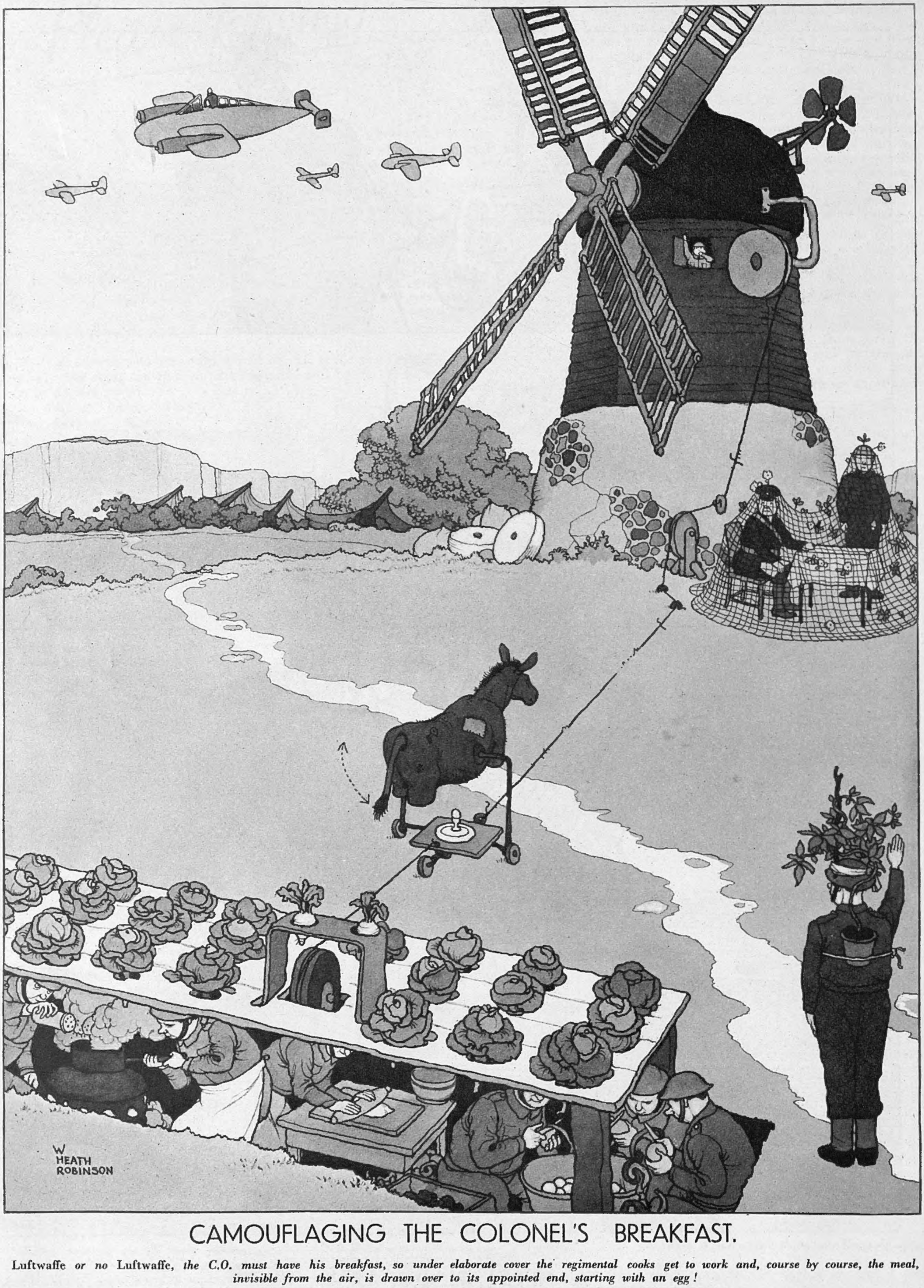
There is still an alien razor-strop in the bathroom, but I dare say one of them will write for it soon.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



A HITCH IN THE HIKE.

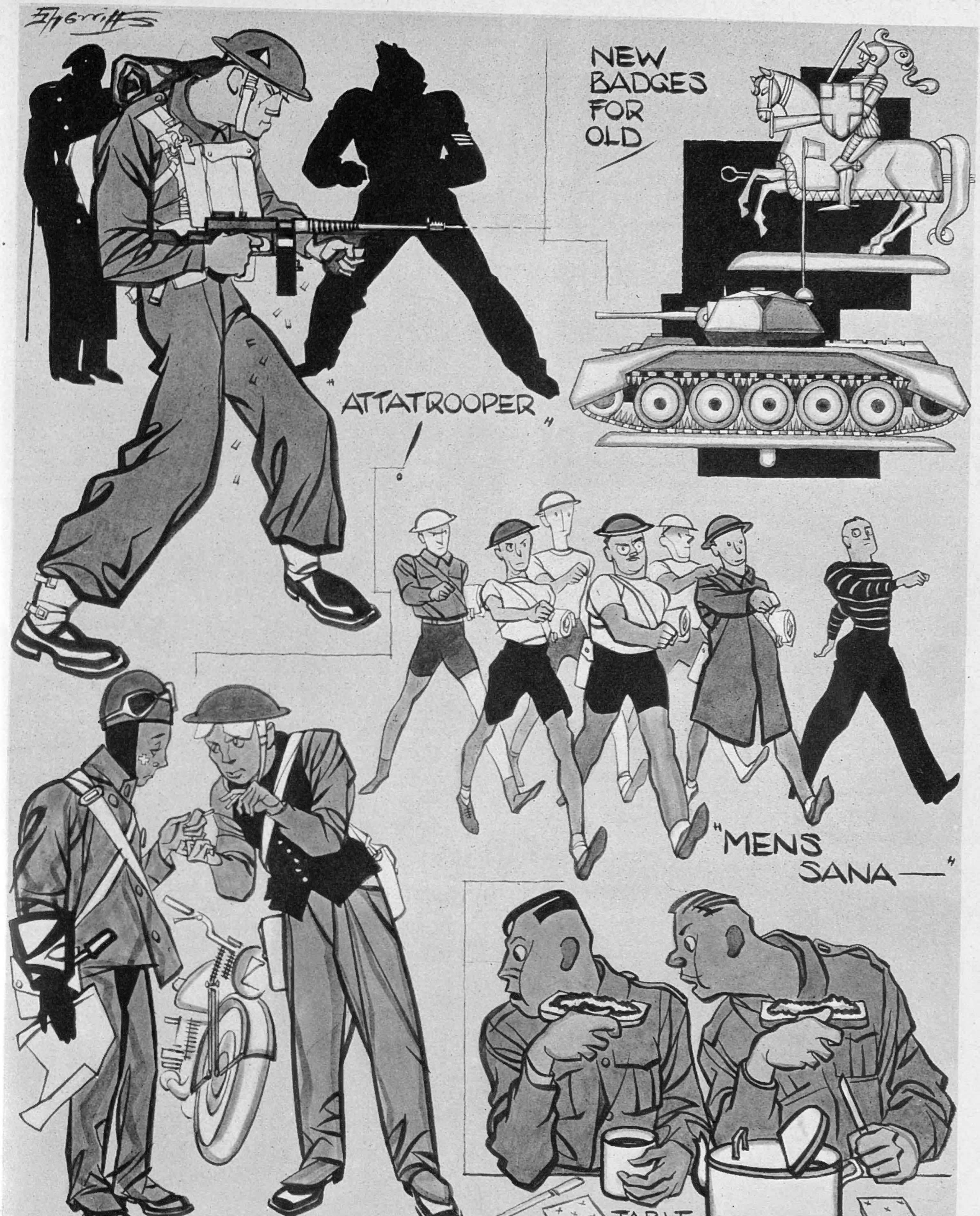
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



CAMOUFLAGING THE COLONEL'S BREAKFAST.

Luftwaffe or no Luftwaffe, the C.O. must have his breakfast, so under elaborate cover the regimental cooks get to work and, course by course, the meal, invisible from the air, is drawn over to its appointed end, starting with an egg!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



" AND THEN THE SOLDIER . . ." NO. 3.

The military life is very strenuous, as Sherriffs reports pictorially on this page of caricatures, but there are agreeable interludes—in the canteen, for instance where light refreshment may be enjoyed.

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.

"AND THIS IS ——— ———
READING IT."

(To the tune of "Widdecombe Fair.")

Tom Pierce, Tom Pierce, not a moment
to lose!
Eight o'clock, one o'clock, B.B.C.,
Come turn on the wireless and let 's
hear the news
From Bruce Belfrage, Alan Howland,
Frederick Allen, Joe Macleod,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell!

Tom Pierce, Tom Pierce, 'tis the voice
of Big Ben,
Six o'clock, nine o'clock, B.B.C.,
And now for the voice of those
versatile men—
Bruce Belfrage, Alan Howland,
Frederick Allen, Joe Macleod,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell!

On the day they announce that our
victory 's won,
Seven to twelve o'clock, B.B.C.,
I suggest an impressive male chorus
be done
By Bruce Belfrage, Alan Howland,
Frederick Allen, Joe Macleod,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell,
Frank Phillips and Alvar Liddell!

COLONEL WINDBERGH.

Thank you, Colonel Windbergh,
For being such a pal.
We rank you, Colonel Windbergh,
With Quisling and Laval.
For all your pretty speeches
In choicest double Dutch,
Thank you, Colonel Windbergh,
Thank you very much.

A common tongue unites us,
The seas you flew divide,
A common foe now fights us,
And you are on his side.
At least, dear Colonel Windbergh,
We trust that we may say
You started flying solo,
And do the same to-day.

FACE LIFT.

Here's Hilary Hytch-Hyke,
The girl who goes far,
Always for nothing,
And always by car.
Travel may cost you
Three-ha'pence a mile,
But it only costs Hilary
One little smile!

VERSES BY MICHAEL BARSLEY; ILLUSTRATIONS BY WOOPING.

R.A.F. AND W.A.A.F. IN "SPREAD YOUR WINGS."

LEADING AIRCRAFTMAN MICHAEL HAMILTON, AIRCRAFTMAN FREDDIE CARPENTER *and* W.A.A.F. SERGEANT LULU MARTINI, *who plays Sunbud Snowflake in the number "Long-Distance Divorce."*

CONNIE GLOVER *(centre) with some of the* "SPREAD YOUR WINGS" *W.A.A.F. chorus.*

AIRCRAFTMAN FREDDIE CARPENTER, dancing teacher in civil life, and discoverer of the new theatrical star Carol Raye, is the producer of a most ambitious show which is being given at R.A.F. fighter stations near London. This revue, "SPREAD YOUR WINGS," has an opening chorus of W.A.A.F.s and a star cast of R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. personnel. Here are some photographs of the performers in costume.

A Can-Can ballet given by Aircraftmen, in the large hats and "frou-frous" of the '90's, provides an uproariously comic number.

AIRCRAFTWOMAN IRENE ANDERTON *handing a drink to* AIRCRAFTWOMAN LYDIA MIKOLAJCZYK.

LYDIA MIKOLAJCZYK, *wife of a Polish airman, with members of the W.A.A.F. in one of the numbers.*

MARY TRUE, REGINALD DIXON, *the well-known B.B.C. organist, and* W.A.A.F. CONNIE GLOVER *enjoying a pictorial joke together.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

ONE of the most strongly marked traits of the typical film executive is a strange, repetitive urge. What he has done once he must do again. Once a star has made a success of a particular type of story he rushes to give him another of exactly the same type. If one costume picture has made a hit, then obviously a hundred more costume pictures will make exactly a hundred more hits. If the public has liked one musical, then clearly the public will like a thousand more musicals. That things

"Unfinished Business" (Leicester Square Theatre) stars IRENE DUNNE *as Nancy Andrews, operatic singer, and* ROBERT MONTGOMERY *as Tom Duncan, who marries her out of sympathy when she is unhappy through his brother Steve's wedding to another girl. Finding she still loves Steve, she leaves Tom, but the coming of a child brings them together again.*

don't exactly work out that way doesn't worry your film magnate one little bit. It 's so much easier to be repetitive than original! Thinking is such hard work!

These rather sad reflections are induced by the fact that in "I THANK YOU!" (Gaumont) Arthur Askey is again made to be a female impersonator. He made something of a success of it in "Charley's Big-Hearted Aunt," so, of course, he must do it again. It probably never occurred to anyone that in "Charley's Aunt" there was something more than the mere fact of a man dressing up as a woman to account for the affection with which it has been held by theatregoers for half a century or so. Nobody pretends that "Charley's Aunt" is any great shakes as drama, but it has a certain wistfulness in its serious moments that entirely escaped the notice of its screen adaptors. That is why it has not occurred to them that in Mr. Askey there is something more than the mere ability to indulge in horse-play and knock-about farce.

Mr. Askey could be one of the best little comedians the British screen has discovered if someone would only take the trouble to study him and provide him with some worth-while material. He has more than a little of the quality of Chaplin. Like all true comedians, he has a certain pathos about him. True comedy is never far removed from tragedy, and Mr. Askey has the sensitiveness that calls for better and more understanding stuff than impersonating a cook in a country house in order to induce a rich lady to finance a shelter entertainment. Someone should be set to work to write a "Good Companions" type of story for him. To condemn him to the sort of stuff he has hitherto done is just a wicked waste of talent. Nor is it really necessary to surround him with all the funsters, real or alleged, on the Gainsborough lot in order to make him funny. Mr. Askey is quite good enough by himself.

Mr. Deeds went to Town. Mr. Smith went to Washington. Mr. Doe went to—pieces. That 's about the kindest thing one can say about Frank Capra's latest picture, "MEET JOHN DOE" (Warner's). It 's another instance of that strange film disease, the repetitive urge. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was a success. "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" was also, if not to the same extent, a success. Therefore, say Messrs. Capra and Riskin, "Meet John Doe" must also be a success. I 'm afraid they 're wrong. They, too, have failed to see that it takes more than an empty formula to repeat an initial success. There was more in "Mr. Deeds" than Mr. Gary Cooper giving his famous impression of a strong, silent man. There was more than just a story. There was a touch of elusive philosophy that appealed because it aroused sympathy. There was a little bit of common humanity that attracted because it somehow struck home.

"Meet John Doe" has repeated the formula, but the spirit of Mr. Deeds is no longer there. We have instead an incredible mixture of treacly sentiment, childish political credo, the usual preposterous speech about the beauties of Democracy—with which we, on this side of the Atlantic, are getting frankly bored—and a cynical disclosure of how apparently easy it is to put over anything you like on the great American public provided the bally-hoo is sufficiently raucous. I venture to prophesy, therefore, that Messrs. Capra and Riskin will find that in films as in economics there is a Law of Diminishing Returns.

The story is really too silly to tell in detail. Briefly, a newspaper foists a phoney story on its readers in order to boost circulation, and then has to live up to it by finding a "John Doe" who can be produced, as it were, in evidence. He (Gary Cooper) then inspires the entire American nation to love its neighbour as itself, to do Boy Scout deeds all day long. "John Doe Clubs" are founded all over the country, financed by the newspaper owner whose journal first set the idea going. But alas! the newspaper owner is really a Fascist who is going to use the American "John Does" to further his political ends. He is, in fact, going to become Dictator by their unsuspecting help. But "John Doe" wins out in a welter of snow and Christmas-trees and attempted sacrificial suicide, and the plans of the wicked magnate are frustrated.

In "The Great Lie" (Warner Theatre), reviewed in this article, the temperamental pianist Sandra Kovac (MARY ASTOR) *has married Peter van Allen though her decree absolute is not due till the following week, and though Peter and Maggie Patterson* (BETTE DAVIS) *love each other.*

Left: Maggie deceives Peter (GEORGE BRENT) *when he recovers from a flying accident, by passing Sandra's child off as the son of herself and Peter.*

Silly? I 'll say it 's silly! But you must remember that it all started when Sinclair Lewis wrote "It Can't Happen Here." Mr. Capra, aided and abetted by Mr. Riskin, has kept on rubbing it in. Boost the common people, pat the punk on the back, extol the virtues of the average man—and never, never fail to point out that he, and he alone, is all that stands between America and the Fascist Boss. That 's the idea, and you can't say it too hard and too often.

Well, maybe they like it that way in America, but the obvious moral of "Meet John Doe" to me is that propaganda is a very dangerous weapon indeed in the hands of those who don't understand that propaganda is dynamite. "Tear down the fences between your house and the man's next door" is the simple—or should one say simple-minded?—message of John Doe. After seeing this film my own impulse was to rush home and see that the fences were in good repair!

"BILLY THE KID" (Empire) is just a Western, set in the Painted Desert and photographed in Technicolor. It is a Western, presumably, because someone thought it would be a good idea to show that Robert Taylor can play a tough he-man just as competently as he can portray a romantic hero. It is, presumably, set in the Painted Desert because this has thoughtfully been provided by Nature with just the scenery and the colours with which Technicolor can best deal. Why the very attenuated version of "The Saga of Billy the Kid" has been chosen for the story is not so clear, since, despite the very pink tea sort of villain that Mr. Taylor has to portray, he is not unnaturally neatly and accurately killed at the end—the first time, I think, that this has ever happened to Mr. Taylor. He has to be, of course. He shoots five men in rapid succession, and you can't get away with that sort of thing and live to tell the tale—not while the Hays Office is watching you, you can't!

Mr. Taylor rides and shoots and punches with the best of them. And why should he not? He is the proud owner of a big ranch and a number of horses, and maybe he wasn't a bit sorry to show his many admirers that he hasn't been wasting his time. What 's the story about? I was afraid you 'd want to know that. Well, Billy the Kid's father was shot in the back when Billy was a boy. This turns him into a real sourpuss where the rest of humanity is concerned, and he goes around killing people just to even up the score. He takes a Mexican called Pedro with him wherever he goes, because he just loves to listen to Pedro's songs. One day Billy rides into a frontier Western town and meets Dan Hickey (Gene Lockhart), boss of the district. He persuades Billy to join him in terrorising the other ranchers out of business. Their first victim is to be Eric Keating (Ian Hunter), a law-abiding Englishman. Billy sticks up the foreman (Brian Donlevy), and discovers him to be an old friend of his childhood days. He thereupon leaves Hickey and takes a job with Keating. Then Pedro is killed. Then Keating is killed. Then Billy reverts to type. He kills two of Hickey's gang. He kills two more of Hickey's gang. Then he kills Hickey. Then Brian Donlevy kills Mr. Taylor. And picking up the body, Mr. Donlevy staggers sadly off into the beautiful Technicolor dusk. Kiddies will simply love Mr. Taylor in this film. Non-kiddies will probably prefer him in his more usual appearances.

In "THE GREAT LIE" (Regal) Bette Davis gets her man at last, and it is easy to find he is George Brent, whom she has pursued in vain through three years and as many pictures. She would have had him in "Jezebel" if he hadn't gone duelling and got himself killed. He would have had her in "Dark Victory," but she had a brain tumour and died, and that was too bad. In "The Old Maid" it was Mr. Brent's turn to die again. He passed out somewhere along the second reel, and once more Miss Davis was gallant but bereft.

Now Warner Brothers have relented, for the time being, at least, and Miss Davis and Mr. Brent are left happy ever after, at the end of a piece that sometimes seems as though it would never come to an end. Peter Van Allen (George Brent) starts the thing off by marrying Sandra Kovac (Mary Astor), a pianist, after a wild party, although he is really in love with forthright little Maggie Patterson (Miss Davis). At least, he fancies he has married Sandra, but in fact he hasn't, owing to one of those careless check-ups on divorce dates that are so common a failing amongst motion-picture heroines.

M.-G.-M.'s "Billy the Kid" in Technicolor, has ROBERT TAYLOR *in the name-part. He is an outlaw, and is staging a hold-up in this film of cattle-rustling, gunmen, ambush and wild chases.*

The pianist, temperamental like all artists, turns down his offer of a second, more binding ceremony, whereupon Peter marries his Maggie prior to going off on a Government survey and being reported missing, presumed dead. Of course, he is only missing for a reel or so, but in the meantime a curious deal has been made between the two women. Maggie, hungry for a child of Peter's, and also, it seems, the motherly type, anyway, arranges to adopt the pianist's unwanted and illegitimate baby. In return she agrees to provide a trust fund to keep the bereft mother in comfort and the best haberdashery.

This cosy arrangement is spoilt by the return of Father from the wilds of the Brazilian jungle. Father is delighted with the child, whom he takes, in the careless way that fathers have, to be Maggie's. Maggie, afraid to reveal the truth, acts the Great Lie of the title. It all comes right in the end, of course, and Father forgives Maggie for her lie, which doesn't seem to me such a whopper, anyway. I mean to say, Peter is the father in any case, and Maggie is his wife, even if Sandra is the mother of his child, and it 's all more or less in the family. So it doesn't seem to matter very much—or does it? I prefer to think it just a womanly fib of Maggie's, a mere peccadillo, a teensy-weensy little white lie.

ROBERTA HUBY *as "Bobbie," makes her first appearance in "I Thank You!" (Gaumont, Haymarket), new Gainsborough film starring Arthur Askey and "Stinker" Murdoch.*

FRONT-PAGE PEOPLE OF THE WEEK
PERSONALITIES

MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of Mr. Averell Harriman, America's Lease-and-Lend chief, who heads the U.S.A. Mission to Russia, is seen exchanging views with a London street-cleaner.*

PRINCESS ASPASIA OF GREECE, *sister-in-law of King George of Greece, and her daughter,* PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, *arrived in England with the royal party and are here seen leaving their hotel.*

MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SENIOR, *widow of the screen-actor, appears as a model in the "Styled for Defence" fashion pageant in New York all shimmering in Nepal ruby and midnight blue sequins.*

Left: SIR LANCELOT OLIPHANT, *British Ambassador to Belgium, who has long been a prisoner of the Germans, is one of the exchanged diplomats.* LADY OLIPHANT, *formerly Christine, Lady Churchill, is driving home with him from the station.*

MISS SHEILA WALKER *is one of the girls training as firewomen at the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, and is learning to undertake difficult roof-climbing and to run up ladders at top speed.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL *recently visited the Eastern Command and inspected the A.T.S. She is here talking to a driver of the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.).*

A REVIEW OF SOME OUTSTANDING OF TO-DAY.

PILOT OFFICER CECIL RAWNSLEY, D.F.C., *was decorated by the King with a D.F.M. and bar at a recent Investiture. He flies as air gunner with Wing Commander ("Cat's Eyes") Cunningham. He is with his wife and mother.*

PRINCESS MAXHIDE, *sister of King Zog of Albania, posed for the camera with her nephew,* PRINCE LEKA, *son of King Zog and Queen Geraldine. She has been organising an old silver collection for war salvage.*

MISS MOYNA ("MUFFET") VAWSER, *only daughter of Captain A. E. Vawser, R.A., M.C., is engaged to Lieut. Richard Geoffrey Greene, Royal Norfolk Regiment.*

LIEUT. CHARLES SWEENY, *the well-known golfer, is Company Director No. 1 of the first American Company of the Home Guard.*

SENIOR CONTROLLER MRS. WHATELEY *has been appointed as Deputy Director, A.T.S., second-in-command to Chief Controller Jean Knox. She is a granddaughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.*

WING COMMANDER H. N. G. RAMSBOTHAM-ISHERWOOD, A.F.C., *is the C.O. of the R.A.F. Wing in Russia. He is a New Zealander, and has served in many parts of the Empire. Our photograph shows him with his wife and baby,* JACQUELINE MARIE.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS AMERICAN GODDESS OF TOBACCO—*for making so free with something WE could do with.*

MONTEZ ADAMS, of South Boston, Va., has been given the title of "Goddess of Tobacco," or "Nicoqueen." In her hand she holds the leaves that make her town industrially important, and for which we queue up over here. She ruled over the Annual National Tobacco Festival at South Boston this year.

CADET DAVID HAY—*for having his clothes cut by a shark.*

CADET DAVID HAY was awarded the Lloyds War Medal for his gallantry in saving the radio operator of his ship, sunk by a German surface raider. He had reached a raft when he saw his companion struggling in the water; he dived in again to save his shipmate, and as he swam back to the raft a shark tore his clothes.

THE MEMBERS OF WANSTEAD AND WOODFORD CIVIL DEFENCE SERVICES took advantage of the quiet spell to hold an inter-sports meeting. One of the events was a "bobbing for apples" competition, and the row of competitors look oddly like pups at their saucers!

THESE A.R.P. MEN—*for not being quite so like puppies as they look.*

MR. R. HONEY, of Oxford, made a pretty good two-hours' catch of crayfish. Thousands of them are being caught in the Oxfordshire streams. A small circular net is used for the purpose, with a piece of rotten kipper for bait!

LORD ILIFFE had a camel-ride at the Zoo during a pullet sale in aid of the Red Cross Agricultural Fund. He had a bit of difficulty with his hat, though the pace was none too swift!

MR. R. HONEY, OF OXFORD—*for his two-hours' catch of crayfish.*

THE OLD VIC SHYLOCK, PORTIA *and* NERISSA—*for cooking in a field a lunch which did not consist of a pound of flesh.*

THE OLD VIC COMPANY, "blitzed" from London last year, is now touring the pit villages in Northumberland and Durham, playing Shakespeare in the miners' halls and institutes and getting packed houses wherever they go. They tour in a bus and when weather permits cook their food in the open in camping style. Our photograph shows three of the principals in a field at a colliery in Northumberland making a meal after a matinée—Frederick Valk as Shylock, Sonia Dresdel as Portia, and Renée Ascherson as Nerissa.

LORD ILIFFE—*for his pretty seat on the back of a camel.*

"HOME GUARD'S DREAM"; *by* RUSKIN SPEAR.

"LONDON SLEEPS"; *by* ROSE ELLENBY.

"FLIGHT FROM REASON"; *by* STELLA BOWEN.

"CATS OF THE BLITZ"; *by* KATHLEEN GUTHRIE.

"KNIGHT TEMPLAR'S TOMB, TEMPLE CHURCH, MAY '41"; *by* K. S. ALLEN.

"STORMING OF IBSTONE WOODS"; *by* JAMES HOLLAND.

"INCENDIARIES"; *by* EDITH SIMON.

WARTIME EXPERIENCE IN ART: THE A.I.A. UNDERGROUND SHOW.

THE ARTISTS' INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION *has planned many projects to bring works of art to a wider public than that which normally visits art galleries. One of their activities consisted of the organisation of a show of war pictures in the Charing Cross Underground Ticket Hall, which opened on September 16 and closes to-morrow, October 9. Most of the exhibitors are artists engaged on actual war service, and much of the work on view has been done in spare time. Visitors to the show have included members of the railway staff as well as people waiting to catch trains.*

Making her camp bed in the morning.

Giving a s

On fatigue duty—scrubbing the steps.

Hanging out the washing.

MISS MARY CHURCHILL, youngest daughter of the Prime Minister and Mrs. Winston Churchill, has joined the A.T.S. She was nineteen on September 15 and joined the Service a few weeks ago. She has been in training at a reception depôt in the Southern Command, where these photographs were taken. She has passed [*Continued opposite.*

Helping with the washing-up.

CHORES OF THE A.T.S.—AS CARRIED O

Getting a good shine on shoes before parade.

...te to an officer.

Getting rid of the rubbish.

Scrubbing the floor of her hut.

Window-cleaning fatigue.

Continued.]
her preliminary selection test for A.-A. work and expects shortly to be posted to a mixed battery for technical training in A.-A. fire-control instruments. In the meantime she has been doing chores and fatigues such as scrubbing, bed-making and washing-up as they come to her in turn, and, judging from the smile which is her usual expression, is thoroughly enjoying her first experiences of a military life.

...Y THE PREMIER'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

SIX U-BOAT THUGS ON THE RUN! THRILLS OF

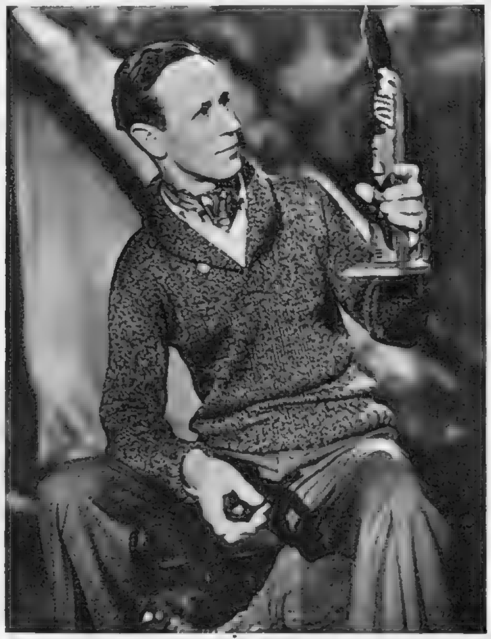
Victims of the U-boat: survivors from a sunk Canadian tanker going aboard the submarine.

Lieutenant Hirth (ERIC PORTMAN) *questions the second officer, a Newfoundland man, whilst Lieutenant Kuhnecke* (RAYMOND LOVELL) *films the proceedings.*

THE long-awaited film "49TH PARALLEL," produced in Canada and in this country with the co-operation of the Canadian Government, the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Ministry of Information, is due to have its world *première* to-day, October 8, at the Odeon, Leicester Square. It has taken nearly two years to make and is an epic thriller. The story tells how six German U-boat thugs loot and plunder their way through Canada in an attempt to reach the technically neutral U.S.A. after their submarine has been sunk by Royal Canadian Air Force bombers. Their first crime is an attack on the Wolstenholm trading wireless station, in the course of which Johnny the Trapper is killed after sending out an S O S. The Nazis capture the emergency 'plane dispatched in response to this, have a

[*Continued opposite.*

GLYNIS JOHNS, *sixteen-year-old actress, as Anna, the Hutterite girl of German birth, but anti-Nazi sympathies.*



LESLIE HOWARD *as Philip Armstrong Scott, cultured writer and student of Indian art and life, who is attacked by the Nazis.*

Hirth (ERIC PORTMAN) *gags Phili* (LESLIE HOWARD) *after acceptin*

Left:
The Nazis get command of the wireless station: (l. to r.) the Factor (FINLAY CURRIE), *Johnny Kuhnecke, Hirth and Jahner* (BASIL APPLEBY).

Right:
After the skirmish in the backwoods, Hirth leaves the Factor bound and helpless beside the dying Johnny.

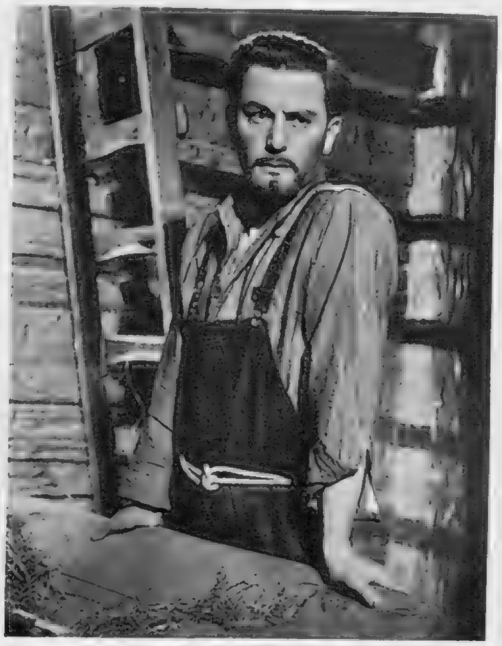
"49TH PARALLEL," A LONG-AWAITED PICTURE.

The end of a German submarine: Bombers of the Royal Canadian Air Force sink a U-boat in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

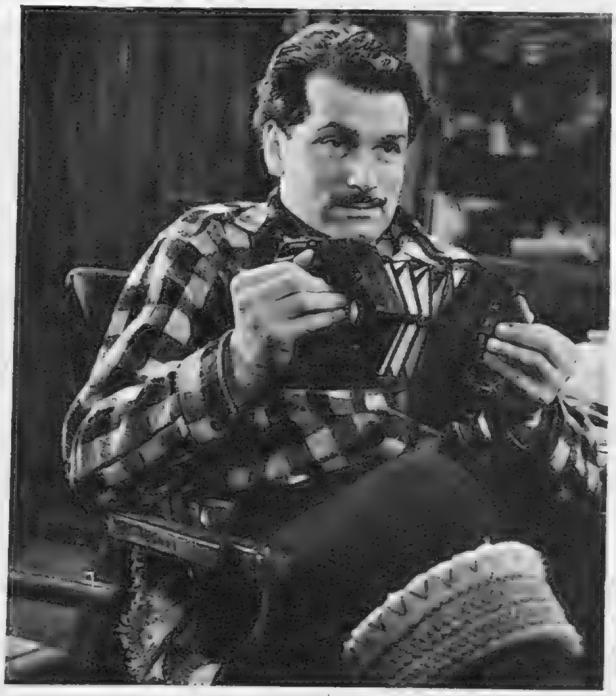
Hirth (ERIC PORTMAN) addresses the Hutterite colony, and tries to convince them that all Germans should be Nazis.

brush with the Canadian "Mounties," and are reduced to a party of four when their 'plane crashes. This unpleasant quartet visit the Hutterite Settlement and endeavour to enlist the aid of these German-born settlers, but they have sought freedom in a democratic country and hate the Nazi creed. More bloodshed follows, and two U-boat thugs are left. They invoke the hospitality of the author Scott, but abuse it by attacking their host and robbing him. He succeeds in rounding up one, Lohrmann and there is then a single Nazi left—the dangerous Hirth. He, however, is prevented from entering U.S.A. territory and returned to prison in Canada, for the witty American Customs officials rank him as "improperly manifested freight" not eligible to enter the States!

...rmstrong Scott ...is hospitality.



ANTON WALBROOK as Peter, leader of the Hutterites, who have left Germany to seek freedom in a democratic country.



LAURENCE OLIVIER as Johnny the Trapper playing his accordion, unaware of the approach of the Nazi thugs, who obtain command of the wireless station.

Left: Lohrmann (JOHN CHANDOS) and Hirth hold up the author Philip Armstrong Scott with his own gun preparatory to stealing his clothes and money.

Right: Andy Brock (RAYMOND MASSEY), a Canadian soldier, in the baggage-car with Hirth (ERIC PORTMAN).

BOMBERS OVER LONDON IN NEW YORK! "THE WOOKEY."

In the Wookey parlour, in dockland, before the outbreak of war: Ernie (GEORGE STURGEON), *Primrose* (HEATHER ANGEL), *Mrs. Wookey* (NORAH HOWARD), *Mr. Wookey* (EDMUND GWENN), *and Aunt Gen.* (CAROL GOODNER).

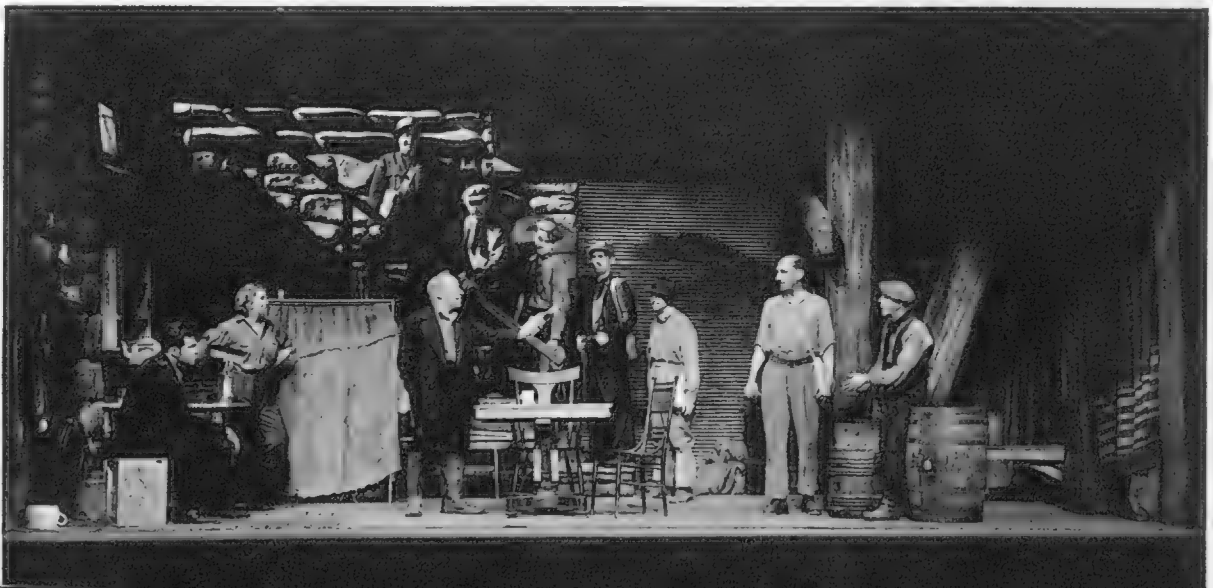
Mr. Wookey in the backyard of his home in the London dock area, with his son Ernie, in September 1940.

HEATHER ANGEL *as Primrose Wookey, the girl whose nerves are shattered by raids.*

The Cockney tugboat skipper prepares for war. EDMUND GWENN *as Mr. Wookey.*

Another study of EDMUND GWENN *as Mr. Wookey, the free citizen, respectable, and anxious to get on.*

"THE WOOKEY," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, recently produced at the Plymouth Theatre, New York City, is the play which brings bombed London to the U.S.A., for it is set in dockland in 1939 and 1940; and has been provided with a sound-track of genuine bombing noises. Wookey played by EDMUND GWENN, is a tugboat skipper who has "risen from garbage to metals" and is now master of his own ship. He's by no means free from snobbery, but he is the British bulldog, and shows his mettle in making trip after trip to Dunkirk; and in his reactions to the loss of home and wife by enemy action. He represents the American view of John Citizen.

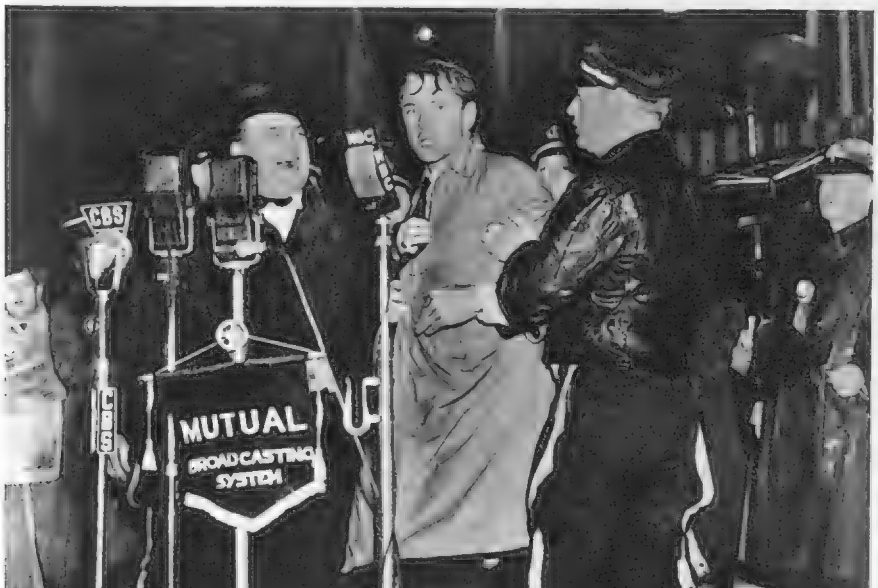


In the Wookey basement after the intensive raids of 1940: Mr. Wookey is still full of courage, though his house has been destroyed and his wife killed.

"MEET JOHN DOE"—WITH GARY COOPER AND BARBARA STANWYCK.

Ann Mitchell (BARBARA STANWYCK) *and Connell* (JAMES GLEASON; *r.*) *decide that "Long John" Willoughby* (GARY COOPER) *will make an ideal "John Doe."*

"John Doe" goes on the air: GARY COOPER *delivers a speech to the "little men," the other John Does of the world. It has been compiled by Ann Mitchell.*



John discovers that the "John Doe" convention is being used as cover for Fascist plots, and attempts to reveal the truth—but the "mike" wires have been cut.

Saved at the last moment! Ann (BARBARA STANWYCK) *finds John* (GARY COOPER) *about to jump from the City Hall tower and prevents him.*

"MEET JOHN DOE," which was due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on October 3, is the story of a big fake. Ann Mitchell, young newspaper girl, "creates" a fictitious "little man," John Doe; and her bluff is called. She and her editor must produce a "John Doe." They choose down-and-out Long John Willoughby. His name is used to preach neighbourliness and kindness in print and over the air; and thus start a movement. There are "John Doe" clubs, and a convention is arranged, but Ann Mitchell and Long John discover that the latter is to be used as a cloak for Fascist endeavour, and attempt to tell the truth. They are defeated and Long John disappears. Ann has a New Year's Eve hunch that he will be on the City Hall tower, and goes there to save him from suicide and confess her love.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

If a novel is to be of one tenor, one mood, all the way through, I would rather it were grave than gay. Better still, let the elements be mixed, as they are in the work of the great Victorian novelists and as they are in life. Nearly all art, except music, abhors a change of mood, which may so easily destroy the unity on which its final effect depends; it tends to prefer monotony with unity to variety without. Even if the "pure æsthetic emotion" with which we should regard a perfect work of art is something so hypothetical that it cannot be defined or analysed, all the same we must assume that it exists, for no single emotion, surprise, delight, wonder, etc., can explain the sudden release and blossoming of the spirit which, in favourable circumstances, art produces. The simpler the means he employs, the surer the artist is of his effect; but the effect is much greater if the means are complex. Longinus put the poetry of Sappho on a pinnacle because (as he said) "a concourse of passions" met in her work. In a single poem she could synthesise all imaginable modes of feeling. But few artists can do this. In most, only one vein of their consciousness is, artistically speaking, fertile and to this they return again and again, as Jane Austen did, leaving untouched the material that lies outside it. Neither tragedy nor comedy exhausts the whole of human experience, but tragedy gives the completer picture of it. A tragedy can include passages of comic relief without suffering as a work of art; but to diversify a comedy with passages of tragic relief is a much more ticklish task. Of the two ways of looking at life, comedy is certainly the more partial, artificial, and stylised. And that is why, if I were compelled to choose, I would rather read a book that is sad all the way through than one that is funny—supposing, of course, that their relative literary merit was more or less the same.

They put proper punch into an up-to-date PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW *at Kennards' store in Croydon, where Churchill, Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini replace the familiar characters in a thrilling drama. The high spot of the performance, causing intense delight to the audience, is a business-like thrashing administered by the Allied statesmen to the Axis gangsters, who very suitably end their sanguinary careers on the gallows. The figures were made in twelve hours with an ordinary pocket-knife by Mr. Tom Haffenden, a Royal Marine of the last war. Judy, incidentally, has an onlooker's part.*

A Wartime Novel.

But this is an age of specialists, and readers, perhaps for reasons of temperament, like novels to be one thing or the other. Mrs. Angela Thirkell, though her books are anything but saccharine in flavour, usually sticks too closely to the conventions of comedy for her work to rank as a criticism of life. Its entertainment value is extremely high, but it has not been, or professed to be, more than an entertainment. However, she is insatiably interested in human beings, to a greater degree, perhaps, than some authors who take them more seriously; and in this latest book, "Northbridge Rectory," there are signs that she is no longer at such pains to preserve the flawless surface of the comic convention. As we have often been told, there is a war on; and to treat the war merely as an excuse for a humorous presentation of life is carrying escapism very far indeed—further than, in this instance, Mrs. Thirkell is prepared to go. "Northbridge Rectory" is a wartime novel; soldiers crowd its pages; some of its characters, though by no means all, are busy with war work; and one of the chief incidents is the establishment of a fire-spotting party on the church tower. The story goes its way with a minimum of incident and plot; Mrs. Thirkell as usual relies on her gift for dialogue. Nor does she rely on it in vain. Mrs. Spender is a notable addition to her gallery of Barsetshire worthies, foreign and indigenous; and if she repeats herself a good deal, we only hope that she will go on doing so. But making conversation does not make a book, and in the past Mrs. Thirkell's stories have suffered, not so much from lack of plot as from lack of subject. "Northbridge Rectory" is an exception. It has more than one theme to direct and control this avalanche of conversation; and it is from these themes, which are not specifically connected with the war, that a certain seriousness, amounting almost to melancholy, keeps breaking in on the cheerfulness (coexisting with extreme exasperation) which usually reigns in Mrs. Thirkell's pages.

Melancholy Breaks In.

One feels, for instance, that Mrs. Villars, the Rector's charming wife, who is the central figure of the story, is really tired, and also really embarrassed, by the continual references to her fatigue that her adoring billetee, Captain Holden, makes—in and out of season. It is not just a game; the last sentence of the story, with its sad irony, testifies to that; nor is it just a game when Mr. Downing, a scholar renowned for his researches in Provençal literature, falls in love with the amiable Mrs. Turner, and threatens to break the leading-strings in which his bleak, formidable and devoted guardian, Miss Pemberton, has hitherto held him. Mrs. Villars is never absurd. Mr. Downing in love is absurd. Miss Pemberton, watching with jealous misery her darling charge straying from her, is absurd; and the young people, who constitute a particularly heartless chorus commenting on the vagaries of their elders, make the most of the absurdity. But Mrs. Thirkell does not; the malice of which she has an inexhaustible supply really is aimed at the young people, secure in their mindless inanity, rather than at their suffering elders; and this gives the satire of the story a surprising depth and freshness, bringing it into a more integral relationship with the times we live in, which are not, after all, a laughing matter. And before I reluctantly leave "Northbridge Rectory" I must pay a tribute to the striking excellence of its literary style.

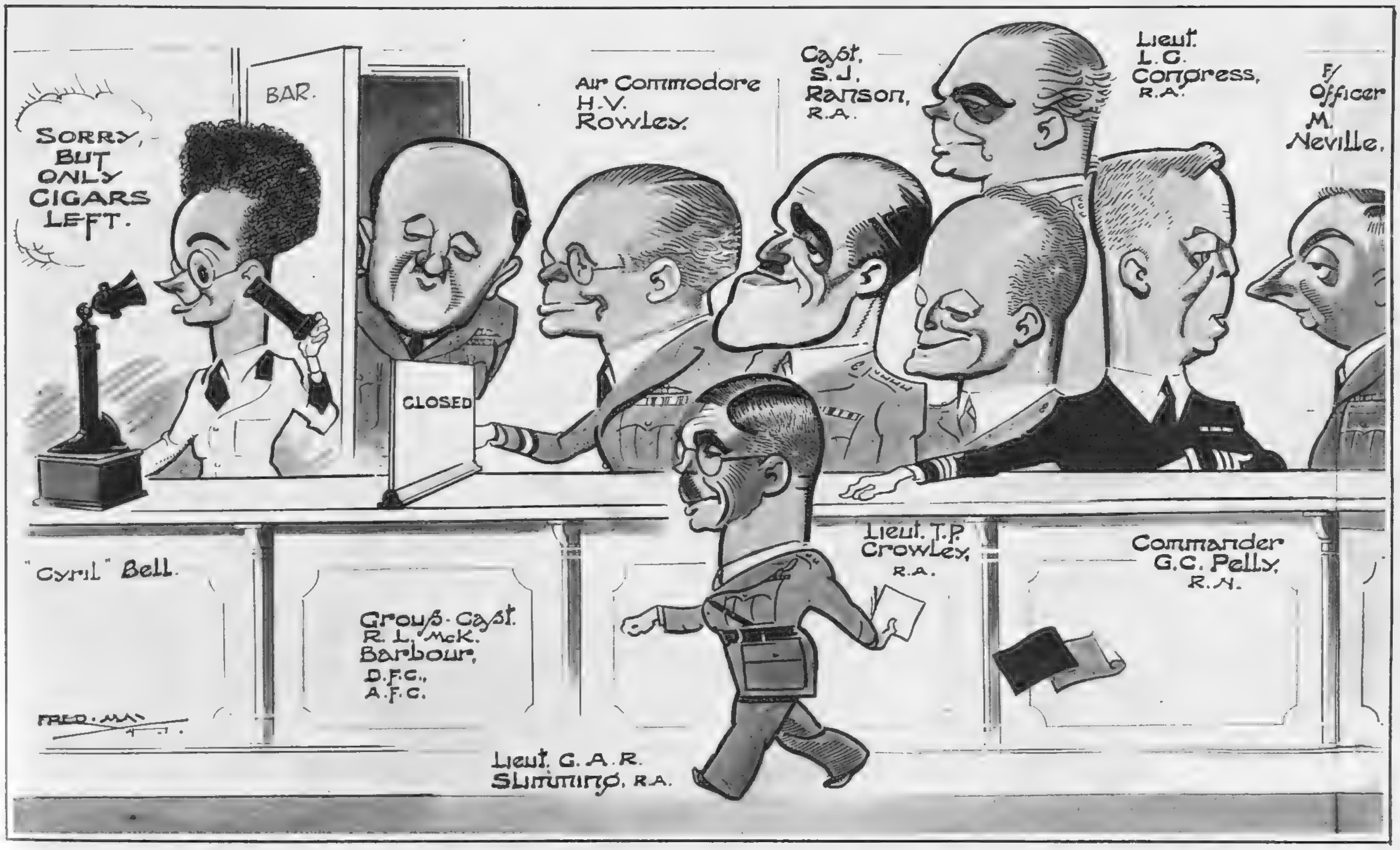
Temper and Temperament in Venice.

My chief complaint against Mrs. Margaret Cardew's very interesting first novel, "A House in Venice," is that there is not enough about Venice in it, and what there is is sometimes inaccurate. Perhaps, in these circumstances, Mrs. Cardew was wise not to put in more "local colour," but all the same we miss it a little, and sometimes feel that the house in Venice might have been a house in any town. On the other hand, the characteristic *effect* of Venice, its disintegrating effect on the *morale* and emotional constitution of those who make a short stay there on pleasure bent, is exceedingly well conveyed and might almost be called the subject of the book. Beauty engenders sadness and vague, unfulfilled longing, and in Venice the tourist of sensibility is apt to develop a kind of feverish languor, an inflammation of the emotions which infects, among much else, the temper. Mrs. Ogilvie, a widow of two years' standing, had a disposition that was unusually serene; but even so it was something of a shock to meet her dead husband's first wife and their son, neither of whom had she set eyes on before. This ignorance of what appertained to her husband before she married

him is a little unnatural, but we must be indulgent to improbabilities that take place before a story begins. The first Mrs. Ogilvie was a fashionable, rich, hard, metallic, ill-tempered woman, not unpleased to please; she and Alice, her successor, struck up a kind of friendship, based on dissimilarity, which did not survive the trials put on it. Barry, the son, was interested in a Russian dancer whom his mother considered a most unsuitable match. Alice became their confidante, and Mrs. Ogilvie could not forgive this disloyalty. Indeed, as the days passed, Alice was admitted, or forced, into everybody's confidence. For all of them she did what she could, but she could not prevent Gwenda, her fellow-guest at the *pensione*, a neurotic, frustrated girl whom love for Barry, combined with conviction of her own failure as a painter, had driven to desperation, from flinging herself out of a window; nor could she soothe the susceptibilities of the Russian, outraged by Mrs. Ogilvie's attitude, in time to prevent another catastrophe. The arrival from England of an old and pertinacious suitor made things yet more difficult for her; and it must have been a relief to gossip with old Mrs. Best, a crippled Anglo-Venetian whose immense age and natural callousness of tongue and nature restored a sense of proportion to the exhibitions of temperament and temper taking place all round her.

he is very well drawn, as is the uncle with whom he is contrasted—his uncle Victor, once so elegant and dashing, now turned philosopher and chewing the cud of experience in a second-rate boarding-house. The story hovers on the edge of melodrama, but never oversteps it or makes unnecessary concessions to the demands of a rather exciting plot; and Mr. Tarkington's account of America—hope surging up and renewing life in the dry veins of an industrial civilisation—though it holds out no easy promise of success, is a sanguine as well as a serious one.

Ordeal by Starvation. "The Road to Revelation" reminds us of a novel by one of the most promising writers of our time, whose pen, alas, is no longer active: Miss Grace Zaring Stone. In "The Cold Journey" the flesh and the spirit were both tried by physical privation and hardship to what seemed the uttermost; but Miss Norah Lofts tries them much further. The party which assembled, under Kevin Furmage's leadership, to follow a new route to California (new, that is, in those days), was comparatively a large one: it contained men, women, children, and slaves. There were four moving spirits: Mahitabel Smith—"who loved God"; Nancy Jurer—"who loved herself"; Cordy Warren—"who loved his fellows"; and Dave Glenny—



Inspired by all the talk of a "young man's war," our artist caricatured some "OLD-TIMERS" AT AN R.A.F. STATION. *He found quite a lot of old-timers of the almost-forgotten last war, hard at work and going strong.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

A certain *naïveté* is observable in Mrs. Cardew's story, especially in matters of money, which play a large part. But this only emphasises the subtlety and naturalness of the characterisation. Mrs. Cardew gives herself up to her characters as generously and intelligently as Alice herself did; with the result that they are much more like human beings than most of those we find in the pages of a book.

Facing the Slump. Mr. Booth Tarkington's characters in "The Heritage of Hatcher Ide," though more contemporary in date (his story ends in 1939), are a little old-fashioned in conception; they include an old-time vamp, the beautiful Mrs. Florian—a reminiscence of Venice here!—who returns to her home-town in America to find it in the grip of the slump, and the Best Families, of whom hers was not one, reduced almost to beggary. Quite unsoftened by this, she unjustly sacks an old retainer, sets her cap at Hatcher Ide and demands, justly this time, but very embarrassingly, an account of her investments from Hatcher's father and his jovial, popular partner, Harry Aldrich. Harry commits suicide rather than face exposure. The tragedy is only one milestone in the development of Hatcher, a young man recently returned from college, callow, but high-spirited, into a topsy-turvy world. Not too simple and boisterous to be likeable,

"who loved nobody." So the author describes them; and her purpose is to show how each of them reacted to one of the strongest strains that can be put upon human nature—the prospect of death by thirst and starvation. Mehitabel, a farmer's wife, had embraced religion as the result of what seemed a miraculous deliverance from an unwanted child; Madame Jurer, who owned a disorderly house, had lost her money; Cordy Warren was taking his wife away from the threat of small-town gossip which had tormented her since his liaison with the schoolmistress; Dave Glenny had no future as an abortionist's assistant, or as a boxer. In California they all hoped to make a new start; but instead, they found themselves snowed-up in a shack, with nothing to eat except each other. This, death conveniently thinning their ranks, they proceed to do. It is a dreadful story, but one that, from its insistence on physical and mental suffering, is singularly in keeping with the spirit of our age. Miss Lofts faces all the issues of her subject squarely and unflinchingly.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Northbridge Rectory. By Angela Thirkell. (*Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.*)
A House in Venice. By Margaret Cardew. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
The Heritage of Hatcher Ide. By Booth Tarkington. (*Heinemann; 8s.*)
The Road to Revelation. By Norah Lofts. (*Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.*)

The twenty-first of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

STAR-SPANGLED SCREEN DÉBUT FOR "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

JANE WITHERS AND BUDDY PEPPER.

ARLEEN WHELAN AND ALEX D'ARCY.

JACK BENNY AND MRS. BENNY.

GARY COOPER AND CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

KAY FRANCIS AND JACK BENNY.

JACK BENNY AS CHARLEY'S AUNT.

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD.

ROSALIND RUSSELL.

LANA TURNER, TONY MARLIN, JUDY GARLAND AND DAVE ROSE.

GLORIA LLOYD AND FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW.

"CHARLEY'S AUNT," *the Brandon Thomas farce which has proved a certain laughter-maker for generations of playgoers, has come to the screen in a new Twentieth Century-Fox version. It received a suitably star-spangled send-off at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Police estimate that some 8000 persons were on hand for half a day to see the famous screen people arrive, and they were not disappointed, for celebrities streamed in. Scenarist George Seaton and Director Archie Mayo have brought the play into line with modern ideas for sharp direction and pointed writing, but have not robbed it of its distinctive flavour. Jack Benny, the well-known U.S.A. broadcaster, is an ideal Lord Fancourt Babberly, otherwise the sham aunt, and Kay Francis plays the real lady. Anne Baxter and Arleen Whelan are the sweethearts, and James Ellison, Richard Haydn, Laird Cregar and Edmund Gwenn are also in the cast. Gloria Lloyd, who attended the première, is Harold Lloyd's eldest, and Judy Garland is, in private life, Mrs. Dave Rose.*

CANADIAN PILOT WRITES HOME.

R.A.F., England.

MY DEAR HANK,

Last week I finished with O.T.U. (Operational Training Unit) and am now on a squadron. Yessir, a real live flyer! I must confess, however, that it's not quite what I had figured. I guess it's the effect of seeing so many of those last-war flicks. Anyway, I had imagined something like this:

I would arrive, bags in hand, at the Guard Room. In an awed voice the corporal would say: "You come to join the Squadron?" As I am about to answer, a Squadron Leader would appear from nowhere and place a kindly hand upon my shoulder. "Boy," he would say, "you're doing me and the country a great service—we *need* you!" Whereupon I would blush with honour and in my nervousness salute with the left hand.

"Boy, you're doing me and the country a great service."

Later I would be led to "meet the mob." Sprawling round a bar, fully clothed for flying and ready to cope with any emergency, a group of war-worn men would be drinking, their eyes studying the bottoms of their shaking, ever-emptying glasses, and the muscles of their cheeks twitching with tortured nerves and chewing-gum. Having sunk a couple of jugs, I would then be approached by the Wing Commander, or maybe even the C.O. himself (I hadn't made up my mind on that point), who would, with a tender, touching gesture, say, "Son, I'm sorry, but the next job's yours!"

Valiantly concealing my fears, I would shake hands with all the guys—the war-worn, muscle-twitching men—and march off (the head held high and, if possible, the sun sinking over the hangars) to where a lone bomber is ticking over. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot: through the mess windows would float the sound of whisky-sodden voices singing "Hurrah for the next man to die!" Incidentally, at this moment my crew, like the Squadron Leader, would appear from nowhere (their heads held high and, if possible, the sun still sinking over the hangars).

A group of war-worn men . . .

Before stepping into the 'plane we would solemnly shake hands, wish each other luck and assure each other that we would "never have flown with anyone else." Whilst adjusting our straps we would crack a few feeble jokes and then, with a roar of powerful engines, a fanfare of trumpets and a male voice choir singing "For they are jolly good fellows," we would drone our way towards enemy territory. . . .

Aw, shucks! What a contrast to the real thing!

When my crew and I arrived at the Guard Room we were met by a sallow, long-legged individual who said, "You come to join the Squadron?" It's just as I had imagined! I thought and waited for the Squadron Leader to materialise. Nothing happened. As we left the Guard Room *en route* for the mess, we could hear the sallow bloke saying: "Three more stooges arrived, Joe. Don't arf look miserable, too. Anyone 'ud think they was going to a ruddy funeral."

Met by a sallow, long-legged individual.

Well, Hank, when we eventually reached the mess we entered it as though we were peeping into a morgue! And gee! That's what it might have been! Not a soul about. No twitching muscles; no haggard, war-worn men; not even a background of "Hurrah for the next man to die!" In the far corner of the ante-room we found one guy with his feet propped up on the ping-pong table and a newspaper over his head. We murmured amongst ourselves. Yes or no? Yes! So we shook him. A very red face appeared, eyes still shut. "Had a good trip?" said a beery voice, and the face disappeared again behind the paper.

"He thinks we've been flying," whispered Peter.

"Don't disappoint him."

"No," we agreed.

"We had a fine trip," volunteered my observer, "the best ever. We sank eleven ships and shot down seven snappers and——"

The face appeared again. Eyes now wide open.

"Ye gods! You don't say! Why, that's——" The eyes closed again and the paper was replaced.

"You're *new*," said the voice disappointedly. We admitted the fact.

"You'll find your bunks upstairs. Don't wake me up again. I've got to get some sleep: I've a party on to-night."

We tiptoed away.

"Party, forsooth!" said Peter, when the door was shut behind us. "I thought there was a war on!"

We found out later that his "party" took place over Hamburg!

Well, Hank, I'm sorry I can't tell you how I kiboshed the old Nazis, because I haven't even seen the enemy coast yet.

Can you beat it? There's no arearin' and atearin'[1], and all I get is practice. No kid! It's a Goddam'd fact.

Actually, that's what happens to everyone when they first join a Squadron. It's a good idea, I know, but a mighty bind[2].

Every day I peep at the "Battle Order" with my heart a shandy of fear and hope. So far I've not been on it—but it won't be long now.

"I've got to get some sleep: I've a party on to-night."

I think those B.B.C. guys ought to let the Jerries know I'm acomin', then maybe they'd realise the whole show was hopeless and just cave in.

Drop me a line and some Canadian cigarettes—these English ones are killing me.

Yours, BRICK CHALMERS.

1. Longing to get on with the job. 2. Terribly boring.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

M.T.C. UNIFORM.

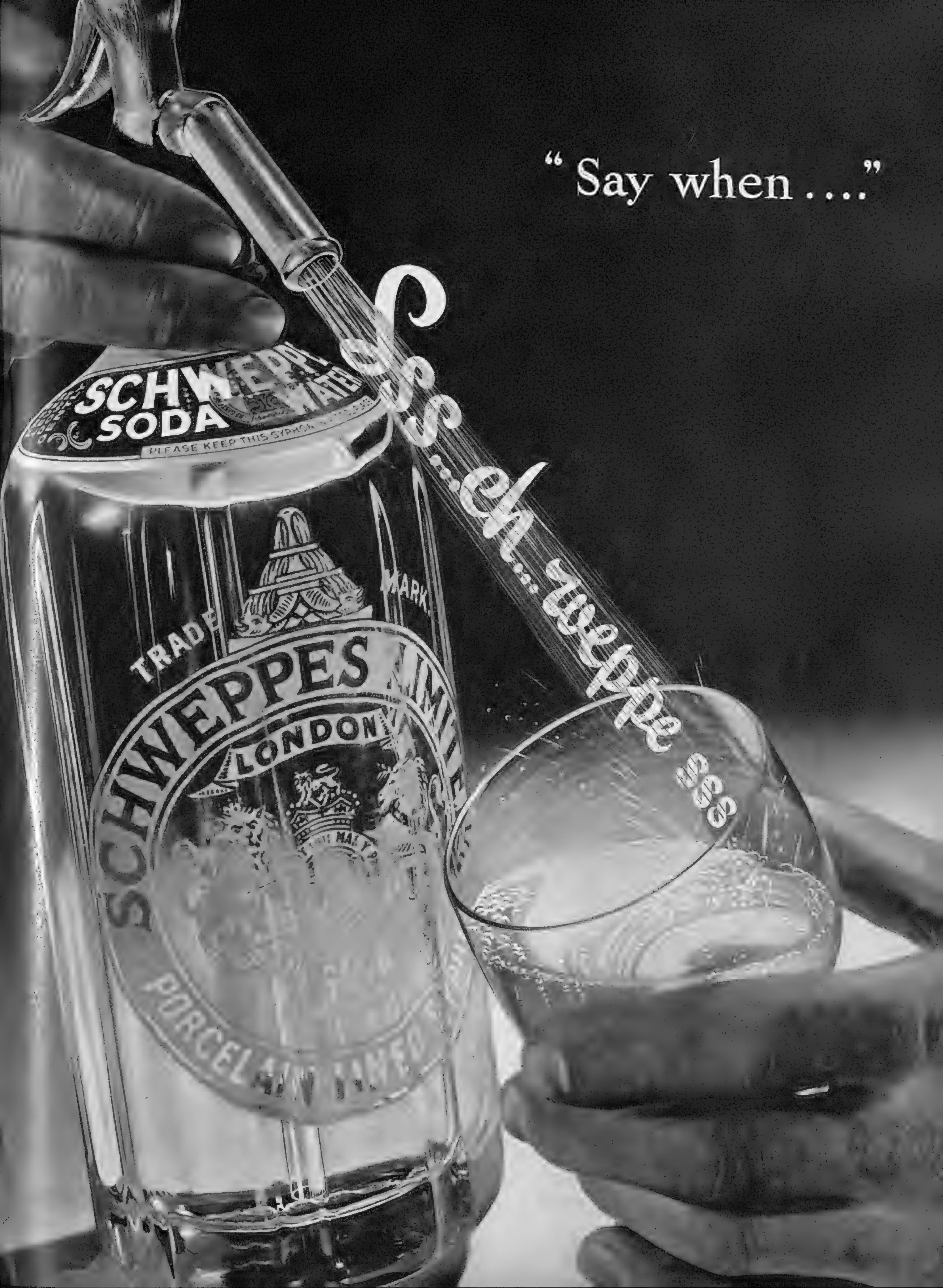
On and Off Duty Clothes were recently shown at Simpsons, Piccadilly. Uniforms and accessories for women in the Services were featured. It seems almost unnecessary to add that great attention had been given to the tailoring and cut. There were a limited number of civilian suits, some with classic and some with Norfolk coats. Again, there were the casual coats for wearing with Daks or skirts.

ANGORA TWEED COAT.

The majority think more of coupons than of cash, and in order to obtain the best value for their money buy really good clothes that will wear well and remain undated. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, has created the model above. It is carried out in Angora tweed enriched with beaver; an important feature is the elongated pockets with sliding fastenings. The hat is of fur, and if desired the scheme may be completed with a muff-bag. There is a variety of tweed coats, some with, and others without, fur collars.

M.T.C. BATTLE-DRESS.

An M.T.C. uniform is portrayed on the left. Shoes, stockings, gloves and cap have been built in accordance with the regulations, and so has the battle-dress above. They come from Simpsons, and have a slimming effect on the figure. All the things necessary for women in the Services have a department to themselves, and there is another for men. A point must be made of seeing the collection of cardigans, pull-overs and twin sets.


"Say when ...."
SODA
PLEASE KEEP THIS SYPHON
TRADE
MARK
SCHWEPPES
LONDON

THE GIRLS.*

By ANN TODD.

[*The title of this amusing story by Miss Ann Todd, the well-known actress, was suggested by a " Please Forward " article by Miss Joyce Dennys published some months ago in " The Sketch."*]

DEAR SIRS,

Six hens are arriving to-morrow at 5 o'clock to stay with us for the duration. Could we persuade you, for their sakes and ours, to act promptly, and send their rations by return? We want them to like us from the start.

In hope,
JOHN CAMPBELL,
Flight Lieut., R.A.F.

To the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.

I GAPED as he finished reading. I love my husband rather ridiculously, but making domestic decisions is not his strong point—and " hens " had been the family argument for many weeks, sometimes heated, sometimes painfully polite, but definitely getting nowhere.

We made a list of the Pros and Cons at the end of the laundry-book. There were more Cons than Pros. Major Cons were: no room to keep anything unless we abandoned croquet. Would they object to Timothy using them as Red Indians, and would Yum Yum yap incessantly whenever they fluttered? Yum Yum hated everything about the country, anyway, and considered the family had fallen in the social scale since leaving London, bombs or no bombs.

The Pros were quite simple. We received three eggs a week, if lucky, and Nanny ruthlessly whisked two of these away for Pippin, who, regardless of Hitler and the A.R.P. warden, calmly joined the family during the worst *blitz*, and for the following nine months remained lady dictator in our house.

So I was slightly startled when John read his letter. He had posted it before I could get my breath.

" You haven't *got* the hens, have you, darling? " I whispered in awe.

He beamed. " I thought you 'd be surprised. Fix up everything, will you? "

The next morning my loving spouse, a Man of Action and Master of his Domain, left us early to concentrate on more trivial affairs, such as helping to win the war.

From then on the Cons became more and more prominent. Locked in the study, I telephoned wildly. First the North of England, then the South. Sometimes my voice was low and full of " oomph," sometimes loud and commanding. My story was a colourful description of six bored and weary hens, faced with only the coal-cellar in which to spend the rest of their lives. Knowing nothing about hens whatsoever, I imagined them grey-winged and fluttering feebly against the coal for the next thirty years—that is, if they decided to stay with us that long.

The answer was always the same. " Sorry, madam, impossible—no timber, no wire, therefore no coop."

I am Scotch, so naturally stubborn—or was it desperation? Anyway, I persevered, and by lunchtime a little man called Meek—he sounded very little—promised to deliver a coop by 4.30, complete with the curious things that " go " with hens, including our childhood friends, the sea-shells, minced up beyond recognition.

Some day I will tell John how I cooed down the telephone, " Darling Mr. Meek, you 're an angel. Bless you." The coop was mine.

Pleased with myself, I entered the kitchen. " Cookie," I said firmly, " Mr. Campbell and I have decided to keep HENS. They 're arriving this afternoon."

She stood with her back to me, fat and solid, peeling potatoes. " Well, I didn't expect you to keep lions," she breathed out of the back of her neck, " but I 'm more scared of hens myself." She added, " Oh, well, we can always eat them." Then, as I retreated, " You haven't forgotten nurse and I go out this afternoon, have you? " I had.

The day wore on. I had moved the hoops on the croquet lawn several inches towards the centre to make room for the coop. Pippin, Timothy and I, breathless with excitement, lounged nonchalantly round the front gate. " We are running our own hens in future. *So* much more satisfactory," I remarked to Mrs. Thistle over the hedge. She looked suitably impressed.

Six o'clock, still no hens, and it was very hot.

Yum Yum reclined on the nearest approach to a Mayfair cushion that the cottage could produce, dreaming of the aristocracy and pre-war Church Parades in Hyde Park.

At last a hoot. Round the corner swung two lorries, one bearing the coop, the other " The Girls." Incessant yapping drowned their arrival. Grabbing Timothy, and with Pippin under my arm, we dashed to greet them.

Mr. Meek, who was surprisingly big and robust, began to unpack. The coop was Very Large, Gothic in design, with a sort of wired air-raid shelter that went with it. Murmuring something about how cosy it all looked, I hurried back with Pippin to move the croquet hoops several feet to the right.

Then the Girls were unloaded. They were snow-white. The farmer informed me they were Light Sussex, and proceeded to turn each one upside down and their wings inside out. Lowering his voice, he pointed to the things on top of their heads, and said, " These *must* be kept scarlet. The *moment* they go pale pink they are about to be ill." I vowed on my Girl Guide honour that scarlet they should remain. One by one they entered their Gothic cathedral and made straight for their meal.

When our rations arrive—if ever, after John's facetious request to the worthy gentlemen in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fishing, or whatever it is—we pay the farmer back in kind. Quite a Saxon touch.

We stood round and gazed. I was relieved none but the very young and a London Peke were near, for my asinine questions to the farmer would have startled even a worm. He was charm itself, but gave all instructions to Timothy—maybe so many females around flustered him.

Mr. Meek I found a little difficult. He had a definite " look " in his eye that was embarrassing. Remembering my words of endearment crooned over the telephone, I had a sinking feeling he was about to invite me to the next village hop. But everything passed off quite nicely in the end, and with many good-byes and thank you's we were left alone with our six women.

They faced us, looking dignified but bored. They were definitely West End. Even Yum Yum gazed in admiration—no common brown hens for the Campbells.

" I wish we could make them look happy, Timothy," I said.

" Shall I poke them with my sword, Mummy? " he volunteered.

After a short lecture on kindness to animals and the necessity for eggs because of Mr. Hitler, we went upstairs to turn on the bath, Pippin murmuring " Dad, dad, dad, chick, chick," which was a little tactless considering how dear Daddy had so successfully abandoned them.

Suddenly a gay " Cock-a-doodle-doo! " wafted over the fence—the Girls nearly fainted. Feathers fluttered, eyes were lowered, and the things on top went purple. Sometimes I feel thoroughly ashamed of my sex.

An hour later, children in bed and asleep, I heard John's well-known whistle. I rushed downstairs and flung my arms round his neck. " They 've arrived, darling! And they 're wonderful! I 've been oh, so clever—and, of course, you have too," I added hurriedly.

He dropped his tin hat and gas-mask on my toe and hugged me. We hurried out to the Girls.

" They look quite picturesque, don't they, my sweet? They won't lay for ten days, the man says, as they 're Very thoroughbred and easily put out—but they will eat anything, so we must be controlled and always leave a little something on our plates. They smell rather, darling, but I 've decided to spray them with my Patou Moment Suprême, which has gone a bit stale, anyway. I 'm beginning to feel a Woman of the Earth already." Ignoring John's flippant reply, I continued: " Their house is rather large, and to give them fresh grass we have to push them 'round the croquet lawn. It will add excitement to our game and relaxation for them. They will probably gamble recklessly on which of us will be victorious."

We stood hand in hand, and felt very proud of Lilian, Gladys, Sister Ann, Marie, Minnie and Fay. Suddenly Minnie went a very odd shape and fixed one red-currant eye upon us. I felt quite queer. John said quietly: " I think she 's thought-reading."

There was a breathless hush—and then before our astonished eyes she laid an egg. I have never seen an egg laid before, but Minnie's gesture was by far the most exciting thing that has happened since Pippin. I danced about the lawn with joy, and everyone in the village knew the Campbells had laid their first egg. We were very happy.

The Girls produce one egg a day between them, which immediately goes to Pippin. Someone isn't trying, but it 's early yet, and according to John, who studied economics at Cambridge, so far each egg has cost us 30s. (something to do with outlay and returns), but we still trust them.

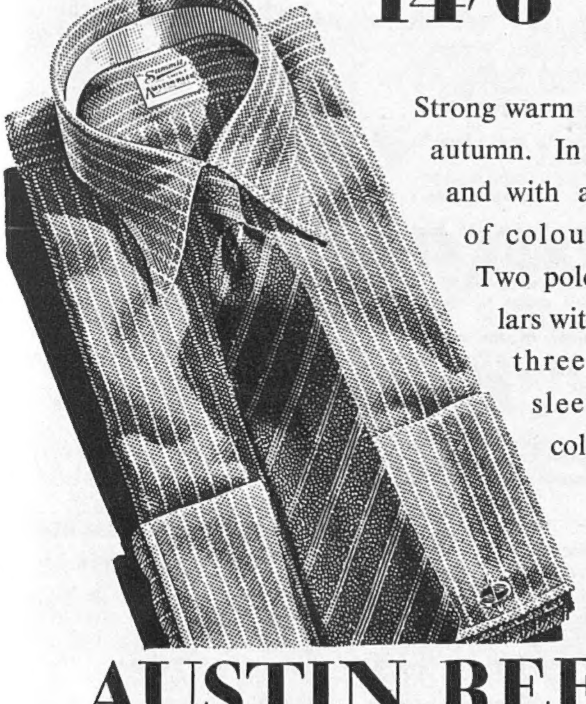
They adore Timothy, criticise our croquet, ignore Yum Yum, and do their war work by keeping us awake on Fire-Watching nights. I do hope Lord Woolton won't call them up yet . . .

Does anyone know of a dignified cow?

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

SUMMIT OXFORD

14/6



Strong warm fabric for the autumn. In plain colours and with a fine choice of coloured stripes. Two polo-shaped collars with every shirt; three lengths of sleeve to every collar size.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton

Champion Sparking Plugs, ensuring utmost engine-efficiency and economy by their unique gas-tight construction,★ are doing a work often unseen, more often out of mind, which counts invaluably towards dependable transportation.

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

★ *The SILLMENT Seal, exclusive to Champion, prevents gas-leakage.*

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"A CANADIAN soldier, he was," said Our Stroller, laughing. "He asked me if I could give him a match and, when I did, he offered me a cigarette."

"That 's no fair exchange," the broker observed.

"So I said. But listen. He told me that his people in Canada had just sent him the usual consignment of ten tins, containing a hundred each. Fancy being a bull of a thousand cigarettes, and a bear of one solitary match! He said it was a fair bargain to give me a fag in exchange for a light."

"Imperial Tobacco of Canada ought to be a good buy on that," said the partner, very amused.

"They come under Treasury restriction. We can sell the shares to Canada or New York, but not to an English buyer."

"The English shares are good enough for anybody," the broker laid down. "You can find plenty of other things that won't turn out to be half such good friends to you as tobacco shares will."

"There 's a hot tip been going round the provinces lately to buy Courtaulds."

"Let 's go and ask about them in the market," the broker suggested. "What 's the time? Twenty-to-three? Then I 'll take my pipe."

They descended a flight of stairs, walked through a tortuous passage, marked every here and there with a huge initial letter; looked in at a room whose walls were lined with cots; and watched a game of snooker.

"Nowadays, we light up at a quarter-to-three in the House," said the broker. Absent-mindedly, he struck a match on a "No Smoking" notice. "This way up."

He led them into Capel Court and stopped for a moment to glance at the prices of gilt-edged stocks. "Not much change since this morning," he said to Our Stroller. "Quiet here?" he asked a dealer.

"Nothing doing," was the answer. "Might as well have packed up and gone home an hour ago. Hardly an alteration on the day."

"But there 's only one way to your prices?"

"Oh, yes; on balance they can't help rising. Some people say you ought to sell War Loan and put the money into some stock that stands nearer 100. To do that, you must sacrifice a bit of interest, you know."

"Local Loans and Old Consols are my own pet stocks," another dealer declared. "I believe there 's a decent rise left in Goschens."

"My word! It 's ages since I heard that nickname for Old Consols," the broker exclaimed. "But if I had any money, I 'd feel tempted to buy the stock."

"——Sixty-five pounds he paid yesterday for a couple of antique chairs. And while we were there, I saw a carpet go at a hundred pounds."

"Plenty of money about, isn't there? Being spent, too. Tell the people what you 've got to sell, and they 'll take it readily enough. Doesn't matter what it is. Seems funny, doesn't it?"

"The same thing happened in the last war. Money lost its value. Goods were the things to have. Don't you remember how people bought plate and jewellery and furs and all kinds of luxury things? It 's a case of history repeating itself."

"Taxes were not so high then, were they? Income-tax didn't go beyond six-and-sixpence, you know. And already it 's ten bob. If——"

Our Stroller, who had been listening to the conversation, found his arm plucked by a diminutive member. "Excuse me," said the latter, "but didn't you go to school with me in Devonshire? I don't remember having seen you in the Stock Exchange before. Or have I? . . ."

"A gamble," the jobber described Blyvoor., as Our Stroller stopped in the Kaffir Market to recover his breath and to review his position. "Good one, of course. Not for the likes of small men like me. Doing anything in them yourself?"

"Not P.A. Client of mine bought a fiver, and took seven 'hundred pounds profit in a week. My man had the money to pay for them, of course, but, as it happened, he got out before I was asked for a name."

"Is he going to buy them back?"

"I think he has a fancy for Libanon and Marievale. 'Rich man'? Oh, yes, so he doesn't want a dividend-payer. He 's out for capital appreciation; naturally."

"They tell me to buy West Rand Investment Trusts."

"Writs.? Yes; not bad. The company holds all the popular shares, and a good many others. I should say Writs. are worth a couple of shillings more than this price, but you might have to wait for the profit. It all depends upon whether the Cape comes for them or not. By the way, Courtaulds——"

Our Stroller pricked up his ears.

"Courtaulds are to be given a run, I 'm told. Some yarn about a probable big expansion in profits. There 's a tip going round to buy them."

"'Where there 's a tip, there 's a tap.'"

"We know all that. You can't hurt with Courtaulds, anyway, whether they go up or not. Aha! there goes the rattle, and that 's the end of another imperfect day. Good-night."

Our Stroller, lingering a little too long on the floor of the Stock Exchange, only partially escaped an onslaught from long-handled brooms and wet sand. "Let that be a lesson to you, my boy," said the broker subsequently, and severely, "not to loiter in the House after the close, unless you have made yourself thoroughly acquainted with our perimeter."

"Gas meter is more in my line, seeing that I 've been a holder of Gas Light and Coke for years. No dividend last time. 'The light that failed'!"

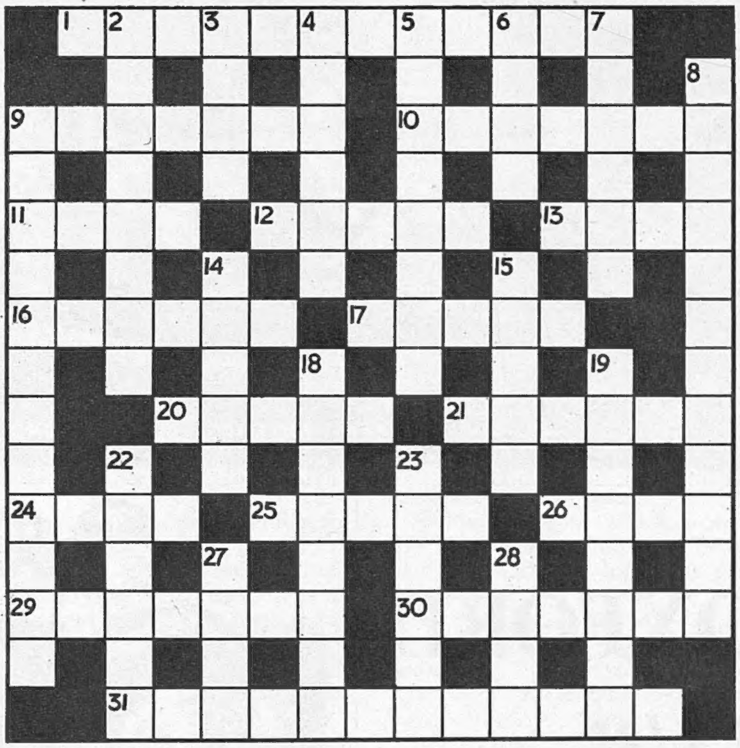
"Fond of Kipling, aren't you? Gas Units are good 'recovery' stock, all the same. Not a bad market even now."

"What you certainly ought to have in the Stock Exchange," advised Our Stroller, "is a Black Market. Then you could make sure of recommending things for a rise. Think it over."

"I 'll sell you half a pound of butter here and now," the broker offered, "provided you will deal Not to Press!"

Friday, Oct. 3, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Do you gain one by marrying a K.C.'s sister? (7 hyphen 2 hyphen 3).
9. Intelligent at present in the sovereign (7).
10. Sailor and cinder in Cornwall (7).
11. Letter in the musician's alphabet (4).
12. Pledge-taking relative (5).
13. A game in Norway's capital (4).
16. Possessive fellows (6).
17. Double it in book-keeping (5).
20. Even yet it 's in the whisky-making game (5).
21. Is it most prominent in a leap-year? (6).
24. Shakespeare was born on its bank (4).
25. Fish rod (5).
26. Clean and tidy cow (4).
29. This is easily altered (7).
30. Military dog (7).
31. Bird that might bring a touch of colour to the auctioneer's life (6 hyphen 6).

DOWN.

2. One kind of 25 is for this (8).
3. Bit of branch—understand? (4).
4. I leave the French Empress for an Italian prince (6).
5. Not out, consequently gave a loan (8).
6. A season of calm (4).
7. One paw can make a useful one! (6).
8. Heavenly actor in cowboy roles? (8 hyphen 4).
9. The beloved member of the pack (three words; 4, 2, 6).
14. This is annoyed I reckon (5).
15. Underground burial cell (5).
18. One's second self makes the tree a log (two words; 5, 3).
19. A team ceremony of the mineral world (8).
22. It 's plain you will see me in sacred surroundings (6).
23. A spirit that may drag on the wheel (6).
27. "Oh spare your ——! think him human still," wrote Cowper (4).
28. Of forbidding aspect (4).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, SEPTEMBER 24.

ACROSS.—1. Siskin. 5. Redeem. 8. Erode. 9. Axioms. 10. Plover. 11. Trial. 12. Relate. 14. Ionian. 16. Oranges. 17. Waters. 18. Stager. 19. Sandal. 23. Bitter. 26. Dynamic. 27. Terror. 28. Shames. 29. Ionic. 30. Exodus. 31. Unclad. 32. Tosti. 33. Sashes. 34. Tousle.

DOWN.—1. Sparrow. 2. Skillet. 3. Nesters. 4. Potions. 5. Replies. 6. Envying. 7. Mariner. 13. Tornado. 15. Ostrich. 19. Sitters. 20. Narrows. 21. Lyrists. 22. Earnest. 25. Biscuit. 24. Tumbles. 25. Residue.

. . . - mine was a full-blooded effort

We can't all go up ourselves and knock Germany out of the sky, but we can all claim a share in the R.A.F.'s knock-out blows.

We shall all be proud to tell our children of the part *we* played—if we put our backs into fighting the war. Kill the fires, guard the countryside, bring food out of the soil, speed the factories—yes. But one more thing. DON'T SPEND A SHILLING YOU CAN SAVE.

Save all you can and put it into the war against Hitlerism. Bluntly — if you aren't doing this (whatever else you do) you aren't doing your bit.

Buy

3% Defence Bonds

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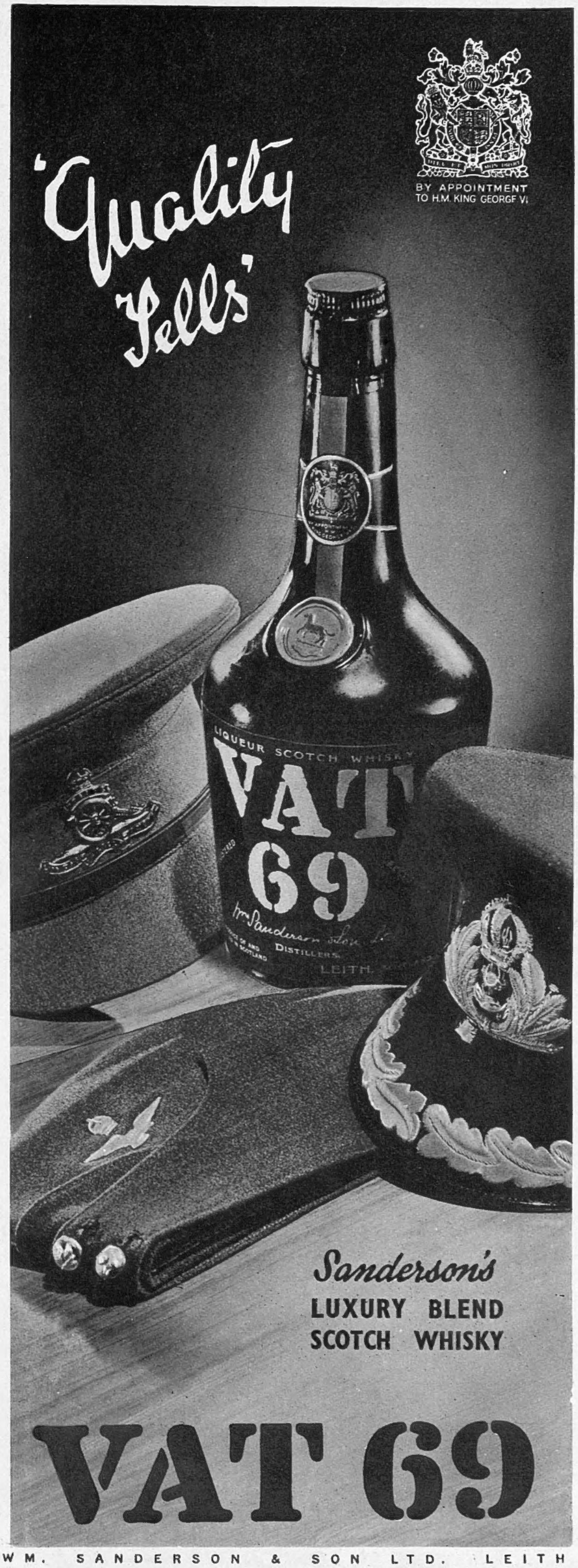

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